

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 275.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1833.

PRICE
FOURPENCE.

This Journal is published every Saturday Morning, and is received, by the early Coaches, at Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Dublin, Glasgow, Edinburgh, and all other large Towns; but for the convenience of persons residing in remote places, or abroad, the weekly numbers are issued in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines to all parts of the World.

REVIEWS

Schinderhannes, the Robber of the Rhine. By Leitch Ritchie. London: Smith, Elder & Co.

This is the second volume of a Series (*the Library of Romance*), to which we have already borne our approving testimony. The undertaking, besides being useful and agreeable in itself, has with us (as we have already acknowledged,) additional merit, as one of the earliest visible manifestations of a spirit, whose office it is to destroy the monopoly so long exercised by a venal party in our literature;—a monopoly under whose strong, but illicit protection, persons have been enabled, for a time, to glut the market with their wretched compounds, covered with false labels, and forced, like the medicines of quacks, by fictitious certificates, to an extent which has almost acted as a prohibition on dealers in more sound and wholesome wares. Like those same travelling quacks of old, the parties alluded to have ridden into the marts and along the highways of our literature with a sound of trumpets and an energy of proclamation, which, at first, perfectly astonished the quiet and contemplative dwellers therein, and produced all the effect of a temporary mystification. The public ear, however, becoming somewhat accustomed to this astounding din, has begun to long for a season of quiet amongst its sacred haunts;—and there is good hope, that with a little zeal and co-operation on the part of those to whom the emancipated and unerring instincts of the reading world teach it to look for deliverance, the nostrums of these gentry may find their true value, and not prove sufficiently lucrative to keep their penny-trumpets and barrel-organs in repair. That this is not to be effected at once, or by individual effort, is too clear; and that, even when the nuisance shall have been abated, the stigma will remain upon the literature of the land, is equally certain. The party to whom we allude will ever have the satisfaction of having done some evil in their generation, and been tolerably well paid for it. But the proprietors of the work before us merit the good wishes of all who have looked upon those doings with impatience or disgust; and, if Mr. Ritchie shall be fortunate enough to obtain materials at all equal to those which he has hitherto offered, he will deserve an honourable place amongst the contributors to that reaction, which is inevitably about to take place.

The tale before us is from the pen of the Editor of the *Library of Romance*,—a gentleman already well known to the public, as an elegant and agreeable writer of fiction. With very happy tact, he has laid his story amid scenes and incidents, near enough to our home and period to give us a sort of personal interest in the narrative, by its appeal to our own immediate and personal experiences; and yet has been fortunate enough

to find localities and times sufficiently wild and picturesque, to relieve it from the monotonous influences of familiarity and tameness. He has contrived to unite in his favour the usually conflicting advantages of remoteness and proximity. His narrative runs on in a manner sufficiently striking and exciting, but accompanied as it were by a kind of personal and internal verification. No doubt the incidents and characters are marvellous and improbable to men who contemplate them from the tranquil bosom of an organized society, and who are not accustomed to look for wild effects and startling contrasts, but by casting their eyes far back into time, or far off into distance. Unhappily, we have had too long and impressive a lesson at our own doors, and amongst our own brethren, to leave many dreamers of this class; and Mr. Ritchie has found a time and place even more abounding than our unhappy sister of the west, in the materials for the picturesque of passion and of incident. The story is laid at the close of the last century, amid the disorganization effected by the French revolution, a convulsion productive of anomalies moral, social, and political, which are as yet far—very far from having been exhausted by the speculations of the historian, the philosopher, or the romance-writer. The scene is placed on the banks of the Rhine, shortly after the occupation of Belgium by the French; when the shattered state of society, which had scared the wealthy and powerful from their homes, left it a prey to the needy and the adventurous; and the broken institutions of the land (ill replaced by the unwillingly-obeyed and imperfectly-executed laws of the conquerors,) gave room and opportunity for those singular robber-combinations which infested both banks of the Rhine, and produced events and characters, and have left behind traditions, as wild and improbable as any which history presents on her thousand pages. Of these associations Mr. Ritchie has given an interesting account, (at once in explanation and justification of his tale,) in a long note at the close of the volume, extracted from a previous work of his own; and to this note we must refer our readers for some interesting particulars, recommending them to peruse it before they enter upon the story, whose hero is one of the most renowned of those "Robbers of the Rhine."

With regard to the plot, it would be difficult to give our readers a satisfactory account. Its interest is intended to follow the fortunes of a young man (Carl Benzel) of noble qualities, but who, in the process of a course of dissipation and extravagance, by which he squanders his estate, and forfeits his mistress, (as far as depends on her mother's consent,) falls in with and attracts the friendship of a certain Baron Wolfenstein, at the gaming-tables of Aix-la-Chapelle. This Wolfenstein is no other than the famous robber Schinderhannes, who, with the characteristic daring and impunity of the times,

is in the habit of mingling, disguised, among the haunts of the gay and busy; and who, on the separation of Benzel from his mistress, by maternal authority, puts in action the extensive resources under his control, for the capture of both lovers, with the generous view of restoring them to each other, and effecting their reconciliation. Having succeeded, however, in getting them into his power, the progress of events, and the strict laws of the association, by which, to a certain extent, he is as firmly held as the meanest of his followers, prevent his being able to set them at liberty again as readily as he had intended; and out of his endeavours for that purpose arise a series of incidents, very exciting in themselves, and characteristic of the anomalous state of the times, and the strange and daring nature of the outlaw institutions which the author has undertaken to illustrate.

That our readers may judge of the sort of entertainment which they have to expect, we shall extract a scene which has its foundation in fact, and is illustrative of the strict and inviolable rules of these associations.

"All was clear, and she was just about to commence her descent, when a sudden gleam of light from the body of the ruined edifice, which stood at a little distance in front, alarmed her; and, shrinking down, she hid herself securely from observation, while at the same time a vista for her eye remained, through the fragments of the wall.

"A door had opened in the building, and an armed man, with a light in his hand, after standing motionless for an instant, came out into the court; and advancing within a few yards of the concealed spectator, stuck the torch into the ground, and stood still. This was the Baron Wolfenstein; and as the red light of the torch fell upon his features, in which sorrow, anger, and disdain were blended with a kind of wild dignity, Ida thought, she knew not why, of his description of the master-bandit, Schinderhannes.

"The next who followed was a young man, unarmed, and bareheaded, who, but for his height, might have seemed a woman in disguise, so much of womanly grace and delicacy appeared in his countenance. The traits, however, bore distinct marks of oriental extraction, and Ida perceived that he was a Jew. He walked with his arms folded across his bosom, and his eyes fixed upon the ground; and when he perceived that the torch was planted, he stood still without raising his head.

"Then came from thirty to forty wild-looking men, all armed to the teeth, and each with a torch in his hand; and among them were an aged Jew, and a young woman of the same race. Ida gave a sigh of unutterable relief as the cortege had apparently entered, and the door shut with a clang behind them. But the next moment it re-opened, and he for whom she had been looking, in the eager hope of not finding, strode hastily into the court, and shouldering through the crowd, advanced to the front. The door shut again with a clang; and Wolfenstein, in a deep stern voice, gave the military order 'Fall in!' and stepped up to the ranks himself, to look along the line.

"The bare-headed youth remained alone.

He was standing within a few paces of the wall, behind which Ida was concealed; and the armed men, who quickly formed themselves into a semicircle, were about six times the space further off. All was silence for some moments; but gradually the men began to talk earnestly, yet in a low voice, to each other, and a confused murmur ran along the line.

"At this moment the Jewish maiden stepped out from the corner where she stood with the old man, and approached the youth.

"Ishmael," said she, quickly; but in a voice that could only have been heard by him and Ida.

"Ishmael hears thee, Leah," was the reply.

"Wilt thou be warned?" she went on: "it is not yet too late!"

"I am warned."

"Thou didst once love me?"

"Ay."

"And having gained my love, thou didst cast it away."

"Thou say'st it. The love that I gained I found was not worth preserving, and therefore I cast it away."

"It is not that!—it is not that! I scorn thee, recreant Jew, who runnest after strange women, and strange gods: but, because of thy falsehood, I am even as a dishonoured woman in my tribe, and the maidens point the finger at me, and say—'There goes Leah, the love-forsaken!' I will not bear it. Wilt thou do justice, or brave revenge?"

"I have done justice. I have married her who trusted me."

"It is false—thou canst not have done it!"

"It is true."

"Then perish!" and Leah retired to the line.

"Prisoner," said Wolfenstein, now approaching him, "you have this day been delivered from the guillotine at the hazard of our lives. It is needless, therefore, to say, that we have no personal enmity to you, but are urged solely by our sworn duty to administer faithfully the laws of the association. These laws, you are aware, leave us no alternative. We cannot be mistaken in their interpretation; for there is no quibble or obscurity in them; neither is there any commutation of punishment, or any other extension of mercy allowed. We have ourselves no power. We, as well as you, are sworn—dreadfully, fearfully sworn—to be faithful to the laws; and any one—even I myself—who would presume to screen a transgression, would be held to share the guilt of the transgressor, and suffer punishment as well as he. Our laws are few! they are only applicable to great offences, such as strike at the existence of the association; the rest being left to the discretion of the chief. The punishment prescribed is alike in all—DEATH; without hope—without reprieve.

"Being a sworn apprentice of the association, you know all this as well as I; but I repeat it now, lest you may labour under any confusion of mind in a situation of such peril; and throw away your life in the vain thought that you are before one of those tribunals of the world where law is a solemn farce, and justice a cheat and mockery.

"The crime of which you are accused is that of having divulged to a woman called Magdalene, on the night in which you left Trèves by orders, the secret of your destiny; a secret which you were sworn to keep hidden in the very depths of your heart; and the revelation of which paralyses our whole body. An apprentice, who betrays that he is so, is the most mischievous of traitors. He sets at nought the whole purpose and duty of the grade; and, by bringing upon himself the persecutions or temptations of the authorities, places in jeopardy the lives of us all."

"The woman Magdalene," replied the Jew, "is the wife of my bosom; her life is bound up

in mine; yea, her soul is in the palm of my hand."

"You hear him?" said Wolfenstein, turning anxiously to the band.

"The law," murmured they, "makes no distinction;" and the words running from one end of the line to the other, echoed like a groan through the court.

"But he has not confessed," said the baron, hastily; "there must be proof. Where are the witnesses?" The old Jew Adonijah stood forth.

"By the memory of my oath," said he, "I heard the words of his mouth when he spoke the secret into the ears of the Gentile woman Magdalene, who thereupon fainted away."

"The next: we must have two witnesses, since he is only a Jew." Leah and Carl Benzel advanced at the same moment; but the former retired.

"The Jew has lied!" said our adventurer.

"Bless him! bless him!" murmured Ida, almost audibly.

"I was in the room," continued he, "when Magdalene fainted in the arms of Ishmael, and I swear that Adonijah was not present."

"That carries it for the prisoner!" exclaimed Wolfenstein. "The Jew has lied." The men murmured.

"He has grown grey in our service," said they, "weigh the testimonies!"

"Can you offer any proof, Benzel?" demanded the baron, anxiously.

"He shall convict himself!" said Benzel, and dragging the old man from the shade into which he had slunk, he brought him within the play of the torchlight.

"Look there," continued he, "all you who have eyes and hearts—look upon this man. Do you ask for proof that he is a liar? Can you not read it in his eyes? Is it not written in every line of his face, that he is a mean, cold, cruel, cowardly, traitorous villain?"

"He is a Jew!" cried Leah, stepping forward indignantly—"he is one of the wandering children of the captivity, and therefore every ruffian who chooses may jibe upon his countenance. Are ye men, and will ye not stand by your friend? Are ye brethren, even in guilt, and will ye not protect your brother? Listen to me—I demand it in the name of those laws which you dare not disobey—for I too am a witness."

"Stand off!" said the band. "To the ranks all but Leah. Hear her! Hear her!" and when Carl Benzel obeyed, they received him with loud murmurs, which continued for some time.

"Leah turned to the prisoner during the confusion, and Ida could see that her brow flushed and then grew pale alternately more than once before she spoke.

"Ishmael!" said she, at length, but in a depressed and agitated voice.

"Lo! here am I."

"There is yet time! speak the word."

"What word?" demanded Ishmael, who looked like a man in a dream.

"Life, or death?"

"Death! Death!" replied the Jew.

"So be it!" and Leah, after a look, a strange, long look, filled doubtless with the hopes and memories of years, turned away, and advancing into the full blaze of the torches, delivered her testimony.

"Her face was as pale as marble; her eyes fixed; her lips cold and rigid; she looked like a beautiful statue.

"By the memory of my oath," said she, in a calm, clear voice, that betrayed not the slightest tremor, "even I, Leah, the daughter of Adonijah, did hear the words of Ishmael when he spoke the secret into the ear of his paramour." There was a dead silence for some moments; and then Wolfenstein advanced again to the prisoner.

"The testimony inclines against you," said he.

There was a loud murmur among the band, and some voices cried, "To the vote!"

"The testimony inclines against you," repeated the baron sternly, and laying an emphasis on the word which had caused the murmur. "The Jew, if we are to believe a Christian, whom I know to be a man of honour, has perjured himself; and the Jewess being his daughter, may therefore be at least suspected. We cannot clear your honour as you now stand; for with us, justice does not lean to the side of mercy. Since your conduct appears in so dubious a light, we must demand a pledge for our own safety: let Magdalene take the oaths, and become indeed the wife of your bosom."

"Magdalene? Never! Have I not borne her away from her kinsmen, and her people? Have I not steeped her young life in bitterness; and led her, even at noonday, through the darkness of the shadow of death? Would'st thou have me do more? Would'st thou have me rob her of the purity of her thoughts, and the integrity of her mind? Would'st thou have me sear with guilt, even as with a seven times heated iron, the wounds of her bleeding heart? Never! Let me die the death, if this cup cannot pass from my lips; but Magdalene, though not born to be happy, shall never become base."

"Wolfenstein drew a pistol from his girdle, and Benzel rushed forward.

"Coward!" shouted he, "would you slay an innocent man? Turn your weapon on me, for I am armed, and can return the shot!" Ida bent over the wall, regardless of concealment, her eyes, heart, soul, fixed upon the face of her lover. There was no risk of detection, however. The interest of that wild group was turned with such absorbing intensity upon the principal actors, that they would not have started at a thunder-bolt.

"Is he guilty, or not guilty?" demanded Wolfenstein.

"Guilty!" cried the band with one voice, that rose like the howl of wolves upon the ear.

"It is false!" shouted Benzel, drawing a pistol from his belt with one hand, and his sword with the other, "cowards, it is false. But if you will commit murder, by the holy heavens, there will be at least two victims, and he levelled his pistol at the head of Wolfenstein.

"Remove him," said the latter calmly; and after a desperate, but momentary struggle, in which he never ceased to shout "murder! murder!" Benzel was disarmed, and dragged to the rear.

"Ishmael," said the baron, advancing close to his side, "a word would save you yet! a single word! Speak! I know you do not fear death; but remember Magdalene, how lonely, how friendless she will be. Speak! the pistol is at your ear; cry 'hold!' if you would live, if not—"

"Fire!" The baron pulled the trigger at the word, and Ishmael fell to the ground a dead man."

We now once more recommend the work itself, and the series, of which it is a worthy volume, to the public.

'Miserrimus.' London: Hookham.

On a grave-stone in Worcester Cathedral is inscribed, it seems, the single word which gives a title to this book; and as there is neither name nor date, the author has thought himself at liberty to find both time and story for the poor inhabitant below. The word of itself is humble and touching, and calculated to excite pity: we hope, therefore, that the dust over which the stone is laid, is not without descendants or relatives bold enough to resent the insult which the writer of this work has offered; for, in all our experience, we never read a story which disgusted

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us more, or met with a character in either tale or tradition, which excited such shuddering loathings as the hero of this narrative. He has all the evil passions ascribed to men and fiends, without one redeeming trait or touch to unite him with his kind; he hates without cause, murders without cause, marries without cause, and destroys his wife without cause. No such creature ever existed or could exist; he is not so much a man as he is an "Infernal Machine," not moved by human impulses, but by the malevolence of demons. All that he does, and says, and feels, is quite out of the way of this earth—but his thoughts when the first fit of our loathing is over, disturb us little, because no man could ever think with him; his passions awaken no sympathy, for they are altogether brutal and unmanly; and his deeds are so unlike those of men, that we look on them without emotion, as we do on the multiplied atrocities of Punch. The distempered taste which could descend to such delineations, is greatly to be pitied. The author has great freedom of language, considerable skill in description, and an eloquence now and then worthy of a more natural story. The volume is inscribed to Godwin, and some of its speculations are certainly akin to those of the author of 'Caleb Williams.'

The hero of the tale relates his own adventures. Evil, it seems, was born with him; in boyhood, he lay awake in bed planning mischief to others, and at school stabbed his best friend behind his back, merely to try the metal of a new knife. On his way home, he happens to see his neighbour's daughter, and thus describes her:—

"Oh, God! if ever the spirit of an angel abode on earth, it was incarnate in that girl! So hallowed, and yet so brilliant was her beauty, she seemed a personification of light! Her bright eyes—her bright hair—her pure skin—her perfect form—her upturned countenance, radiant with the devotion of her soul, and the scarcely brighter sun which shone in deceptive beams through the interstices of the foliage, above, around, and upon her, all combined to strengthen the illusion.

"With a broken and a bleeding heart, and as an act of expiation, willingly would I compel myself to expatiate on the whole detail of her charms, and summon before me, feature by feature, the image of the being who consecrated humanity; whose life was one continued career of innocence, honour and happiness, until, like a demon, I swept across her path, and blasted the peace of her unsullied heart. Willingly would I impose upon myself any, and every, infliction; but this I cannot, dare not endure. In the most emphatic sense of the term, she was beautiful; and here I abandon the theme."

The young lady of course falls in love with her deserving neighbour; and there are many tender passages between them, when her brother arrives, and discovers in his sister's friend, the worthy person who stabbed him at school. Words ensued: a challenge followed: the representative of 'Miserrimus' was shot through the body; but the demon within him would not let him die—he struggled to rise, and this was the result:—

"At length I succeeded in attaining my feet. For a moment I reeled as though in a state of utter ebriety; then with one final, I may almost say, superhuman exertion of my remaining strength, I stood for a single moment as firm and motionless as a rock, deliberately levelled my pistol at his throat, and fired. With the fierce shriek of the death-agony he sprang con-

vulsively into the air, and with a dull heavy sound fell on the earth a corpse. I saw the result—saw that my prophecy was fulfilled, that the green grass was red beneath him, uttered a faint cry of exultation, and sank into the arms of my second.

"But another spectacle was yet reserved for me. I was aroused by a shriek so fierce, so terrible, that it might have awakened the dead on the judgment-day. Before me, prostrate on the ground, with the dead body of her brother intertwined in her embrace, her white garments and hair dabbled in blood, lay the unfortunate object of my love and my wrath. Suddenly she sprang to her feet with the rapidity of lightning, and raised her bare and crimsoned arm in threatening denunciation against me. I heard not her words; every faculty was benumbed; and motionless, speechless, fascinated as though under the influence of a basilisk, I gazed in awe unutterable on this sight of horror. With the red spot of frenzy on her forehead, her pallid cheek, contracted brow, dilated nostril, and quivering lip, she looked the personification of War, or the type of the Destroying Angel. The hair bristled on my head; my eyes became infected by the weakness of my brain; her form seemed to dilate until it stood above me like a tower, and I swooned beneath my terror and my agony."

The young lady was somewhat grieved at the death of her brother; time, however, softened her sorrow; she thought on the bold spirit of her admirer; wrote a most elaborate judgment upon the state of her heart, and finally consented with something like rapture to be led to the altar. Now the bridegroom had a taste of his own: he bought the bridal dresses, and though they were black, the bride gave her hand; the knot was tied, and the happy pair left the church. The day was fine, and, as the bride loved the picturesque, her husband conducted her home by a private road, to give her a proof of his taste in landscape decoration:—

"During these reflections we had reached the summit of the hill we had been ascending. A portion of the wood close to, and immediately before us, had recently been felled, and in the space thus opened appeared a handsome marble structure. The eyes of my sister expressed undisguised surprise and uneasiness, but the countenance of my bride still retained its painful rigidity. We advanced still nearer, and an inscription then became visible, to which in stern silence I motioned the attention of my wife. Aroused by my action, by the singularity of the scene, perhaps by a prophetic apprehension, with a faltering step, and a cheek alarmed into life, as though under the influence of some infernal fascination, she slowly obeyed the lingering motion of my finger, and tracked it until she reached the tomb and read

"ERECTED IN ETERNAL RECORD OF THE CRIME, ON THE SCENE OF ITS PERPETRATION, TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD; BY HIM WHO COMMITTED THE MURDER, AND THEN MARRIED THE SISTER OF THE MURDERED."

As the bride has nothing more to do but die, she dies: her husband makes his will, pens this pleasing narrative, and directs "Miserrimus" to be inscribed on his grave-stone. We have been often startled and offended by German absurdities, but here is an article of home manufacture, which cuts out all foreign competition in the atrocious. We wish the author would "leave these damnable faces," and make a wiser use of his talents—he will find less difficulty in being simple and natural, than in penning these strange affectations.

Le mie Prigioni: Memorie di Silvio Pellico da Saluzzo.—Narrative of my Imprisonments, &c. By Silvio Pellico.

[Second Notice.]

We shall resume our extracts from this singularly interesting and attractive work with some account of the author's prison adventures at Venice:—

"I was here," he continues, "further removed from my family, of whom I heard no more. The new faces that appeared wore a gloom at once strange and appalling. Report had greatly exaggerated the struggle of the Milanese and the rest of Italy to recover their independence; it was doubted if I were not one of the most desperate promoters of that mad enterprise. I found that my name, as a writer, was not wholly unknown to my jailer,—nor even to his wife, to his daughter, his two sons, or the under jailers—all of whom, by their manner, seemed to have an idea that a writer of tragedies was little better than a kind of magician. They looked grave and distant, yet as if eager to learn more of me, they had dared to waive the ceremony of their iron office.

"In a few days I grew accustomed to their looks, or rather, I think, they found I was not so great a necromancer as to escape through the lead roofs, and assumed a more conciliating demeanour. The wife had most of the character that marks the true jailer. She was dry and hard—all bone, without a particle of heart,—about forty, and incapable of any feeling, except a savage sort of instinct for her offspring. She used to bring me my coffee, morning and afternoon, and my water at dinner. She was generally accompanied by her daughter—a girl of about fifteen,—not very pretty, but with mild compassionating looks, and her two sons from ten to thirteen years of age. They always went back with their mother, but there was a gentle look and a smile of love for me upon their young faces as she closed the door, my only company when they were gone. The jailer never came near me, except to conduct me before the Special Commission,—that terrible ordeal for what are termed Crimes of State. What was my dread of implicating others by my answers! What difficulty to contend against so many strange accusations, so many suspicions of all kinds! How impossible almost not to become implicated by these incessant examinations, by daily new arrests and the imprudence of other parties,—perhaps not known to you, yet belonging to the same movement!

"I have decided not to speak on politics; and I must suppress every detail connected with the state trials. I shall merely observe, that after being subjected for successive hours to the harassing process, I retired in a frame of mind so excited, and so enraged, that I should assuredly have taken my own life, had not the voice of religion and the recollection of my parents restrained my hand. I lost the tranquillity of mind I had acquired at Milan; during many days, I despaired of regaining it,—and I cannot even allude to this interval without feelings of horror. It was vain to attempt it;—I could not pray; I questioned the justice of God; I cursed mankind, and all the world, revolving in my mind all the possible sophisms and satires I could think of,—respecting the hollowness and vanity of virtue.

"In this state, I was accustomed to sing—anything but hymns—with a kind of mad, ferocious joy; I spoke jeering and bitter things to all who approached my dungeon; and I tried to look upon the whole creation through the medium of that common-place wisdom—the wisdom of the cynics. This degrading period, on which I hate to reflect, lasted happily only for six or seven days, during which my Bible had become covered with dust. One

of the jailer's boys, thinking to please me, as he cast his eye upon it, observed: "Since you left off reading that great, ugly book, you don't seem half so melancholy, Sir."

This incident, trivial as it was, restored the author to a more religious and composed frame of mind. He lectured the youth; rubbed the dust off his Bible, and seriously set about a reform. Still, he adds, that for weeks subsequently he was haunted by wicked, infidel thoughts and doubts of every kind, which it cost him the utmost pains to get wholly rid of. Meantime his solitude grew more oppressive:—

"The jailer's two sons, with whom I had conversed by fits and starts, were sent to school. The mother and the sister, who had been accustomed along with them to speak to me, never came near me except to bring my coffee. About the mother, I cared very little; but the daughter, though rather plain, had something so pleasing and gentle both in her words and looks, that I greatly felt the loss of them. Whenever she brought the coffee and said—'It was I made it,' I always thought it excellent; but when she observed—'This is my mother's making,' it lost all its relish.

"Being almost deprived of human society, I one day made acquaintance with some ants upon my window; I fed them: they went away, and ere long the place was thronged with these little insects, as if come by invitation. A spider, too, had weaved a noble edifice upon my walls, and I often gave him a feast of gnats or flies, which were extremely annoying to me, and which he liked much better than I did. I got quite accustomed to the sight of him; he would run over my bed, and come and take the precious morsels out of my hand."

In the same prison, notwithstanding the intense heat, being almost eaten alive by gnats, flies, and "such small deer," with only one spider for his ally,—the author contrived to compose many of his dramas and other productions. He lived almost entirely upon coffee, and gives a curious account of the effects it produced upon the nervous system:

"While in this state of mild intoxication—often accompanied with convulsion, though without pain, and which kept me wakeful during the whole night, I felt my intellectual powers wonderfully invigorated. I could poetize, philosophize, and pray with singular fluency, and with the highest zest; inasmuch that I often gave up my dinner in order to obtain a further supply for the evening of this—to me—truly magic beverage. More than once, however, it happened to be bad; and sometimes they would substitute a vile soup in its place, which instead of electrifying, threw me into a horribly wretched and languid condition,—stretched upon my pallet, full of grief and care.

"Upon these occasions, I complained bitterly to Angiola, the jailer's daughter; and one day as if she had been in fault, I scolded her so sharply that the poor girl began to weep; sobbing out—'Indeed, Sir, I never deceived any body, and yet everybody calls me a deceitful little minx!'

"'Everybody! Oh, then I see I am not the only one driven to distraction by your vile sops.'

"'I do not mean to say that, Sir. Ah, if you only knew—if I dared to tell you all that my poor, wretched heart—'

"'Well, don't cry so! What is all this ado? I beg your pardon, you see, if I scolded you. Indeed, I believe you would not—you could not make me such vile stuff as this.'

"'Dear me! I am not crying about that, Sir.'

"'You are not!' and I felt my self-love not a little mortified, though I forced a smile.

"'Are you crying then because I scolded you; and yet not about the coffee?'

"'Yes, indeed, Sir.'

"'Ah! then who called you a little deceitful one before?'

"'He did, Sir.'

"'He did—and who is he?'

"'My lover, Sir,' and she hid her face in her little hands. Afterwards she ingenuously entrusted to my keeping,—and I could not well betray her,—a little serio-comic sort of pastoral romance which really interested me. From that day forth—I know not why—I became the adviser and confidant of this young girl, who returned and conversed with me for hours. She at first said—'You are so good, Sir, that I feel just the same, when I am here, as if I were your own daughter.'

"'That is a very poor compliment,' replied I, dropping her hand; 'I am hardly yet thirty-two, and you look upon me as if I were an old father.'—'No, no! not so.... I mean as a brother, to be sure,' and she insisted upon taking hold of my hand with an air of the most innocent confidence and affection. 'I am glad,' thought I to myself, 'that you are no beauty! else, alas, this innocent sort of feeling might chance to disconcert me.' At other times, I thought, 'It is lucky too she is so young; there could never be any danger of becoming attached to girls of her years.' At other times, however, I felt a little uneasy; thinking I was mistaken in having pronounced her rather plain, whereas her whole shape and features were by no means wanting in proportion or expression. 'If she were not quite so pale,' I said, 'and her face free from those marks, she might really pass for a beauty.' It is impossible, in fact, not to find some charm in the presence, in the looks, and voice of a young girl full of vivacity and affection. I had not taken the least pains to acquire her good-will; yet was I as dear to her, as either a father or a brother—whichever title I preferred. And why? only because she had read *Francesca da Rimini* and *Eufemia*; and my poems, she said, had made her weep so often;—then, besides, I was a solitary prisoner, *without having*, as she observed, 'either robbed or murdered anybody.'

"In short, when I had become attached to poor Maddalene without once seeing her, how was it likely that I could remain indifferent to the sisterly assiduity and attentions,—to the thousand pleasing little compliments,—and to the most delicious cups of coffee, of this 'young Venice girl, my gentle little jailer.'†

"I should be trying to impose on myself, were I to attribute to my own prudence the fact of my not having fallen in love with Angiola. I did not do so, simply from the circumstance of her having already a lover of her own choosing, to whom she was desperately, unalterably attached. Heaven help me! if it had not been thus, I should have found myself in a very critical position indeed for an author, with so little to keep alive his attention. The sentiment I felt for her, was not then what is called love. I wished to see her happy—that she might be united to the lover of her choice; I was not jealous, nor had I the remotest idea she could ever select me as the object of her regard. Still, when I heard my prison-door open, my heart began to beat, in the hope it was my Angiola; and if she appeared not, I experienced a peculiar kind of vexation;—when she really did come, my heart throbbled yet more violently, from a feeling of pure joy. Her parents, who had begun to entertain a good opinion of me, and were aware of her passionate regard for another, offered no opposition to the visits she thus made me, permitting her almost invariably to bring me my coffee in a morning, and not unfrequently in the evening.

† "Venezianina, adolescente sbirra."

"There was altogether a simplicity and an affectionateness in her every word, look, and gesture, which were really captivating. She would say: 'I am excessively attached to another, and yet I take such delight in being near you! When I am not in his company, I like being nowhere so well as here.' (Here was another compliment.)

"'And don't you know?' inquired I.

"'I do not.'

"'I will tell you, then. It is because I permit you to talk about your lover.'

"'That is a good guess; yet still I think it is a good deal because I esteem you so very much!'

"'Poor girl! along with this pretty frankness she had that blessed sin of taking me always by the hand, and pressing it with all her heart, not perceiving that she at once pleased and disconcerted me by her affectionate manner. Thanks be to heaven, that I can always recall this excellent little girl to mind, without the least tinge of remorse. * * *

"One evening, I remember, when suffering under a sad misfortune, the poor girl threw her arms round my neck, and wept as if her heart would break. She had not the least idea of impropriety. No daughter could embrace a father with more perfect innocence and unsuspecting affection. I could not, however, reflect upon that embrace without feeling somewhat agitated. It often returned to my imagination, and I could then think of no other subject.

"On another occasion, when she thus threw herself upon my confidence, I was really obliged to disentangle myself from her dear arms, ere I once pressed her to my bosom,—or gave her a single kiss, while I stammered out:

"'I pray you, now, sweet Angiola, do not embrace me ever again.... it is not quite proper.'

"She fixed her eyes upon me for a moment; then cast them down, while a blush suffused her ingenuous countenance; and I am sure it was the first time that she read in my mind even the possibility of any weakness of mine in reference to her. Still she did not cease to continue upon the same friendly footing, with a little more reserve and respect—as I wished it to be, and I was grateful to her for it."

But Angiola was taken ill, and the prisoner saw her no more. Left to perfect solitude and his coffee, he was seized with a species of somnambulism, the effect of continual thought and watching. He left off his coffee, but it was too late:—

"It appeared to me as if I were two persons—one of them eagerly bent upon writing letters, the other upon doing something else. At last, said I, 'You shall write them in German if you do; and we shall learn a little of the language. Methought he then set to work, and wrote volumes of bad German, and he certainly brought me rapidly forward in the study of it. Towards morning, my mind being wholly exhausted, I fell into a heavy stupor, during which all those most dear to me haunted my dreams. I thought my father and mother were weeping over me; I heard their lamentations; and suddenly I started out of my sleep sobbing and affrighted.

"I was afraid to sleep; my prayers seemed to bring me no relief; my imagination became excited, and even when awake I heard strange noises close to me, sometimes sighs and groans, at others mingled with sounds of stifled laughter. I was never superstitious, but these apparently real and unaccountable sights and sounds led me to doubt, and I then firmly believed I was the victim of some unknown and malignant being. Frequently I took my light, and made a search for those mockers and persecutors of my waking and sleeping hours. At last they began to pull me by my clothes, threw my books upon the ground, blew out my lamp, and even, it seemed,

conveyed then started round me. The real no longer what I saw this horrible 'My God!'

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conveyed me into another dungeon. I would then start to my feet, look and examine all round me, and ask myself if I were really mad. The real world and that of my imagination were no longer distinguished. I knew not whether what I saw and felt was a delusion or truth. In this horrible state I could only repeat one prayer: 'My God, my God! why hast thou forsaken me?'

"One morning early I threw myself upon my pallet, having first placed my handkerchief, as usual, under my pillow. Shortly after falling asleep, I suddenly woke and found myself in a state of suffocation; they were strangling me; and on putting my hand to my throat, I actually found my own handkerchief all knotted tied round my neck. I could have sworn I had never made those knots; yet I must have done this in my delirium; but as it was then impossible to believe it, I lived in continual expectation of being strangled."

"On the 24th of November, Doctor Foresti, one of our fellow prisoners, was seized and conveyed no one knew whither. The jailer, his wife, and all the assistants were alarmed; it was a mystery to all. 'Why do you inquire farther,' said my attendant, 'when you can hear nothing good?'—'Come, come, my friend,' replied I, 'speak out;—I know he has been condemned to death.'—'It is your own doing; if you must know, he has passed the Bridge of Sighs. He and two friends have received sentence of death.'—'When are they to suffer; and who are the others?'—'I can tell you no more—a great number are condemned;—I am sorry for the poor Doctor;—I have taken such a liking to him,—he is so good and patient; and the man went away with tears in his eyes.'

The author was removed to the prison of San Michele:—

"The following day, the jailer conducted me into the Hall of the Commission. The members were all seated; but they rose—the President, the Inquisitor, and two assisting judges. The first, with a look of deep commiseration, acquainted me that my sentence had arrived—that it was a terrible one,—but that the clemency of the Emperor had mitigated it.

"The Inquisitor, fixing his eye on me, then read it: 'Silvio Pellico—condemned to death.' The imperial decree is, that the sentence be commuted for fifteen years hard imprisonment in the fortress of Spielberg.

"The will of God be done!" was my reply.

"The President then commended my state of mind, warmly recommending me to persevere in it,—and added, that possibly by affording an edifying example, I might have a year or two remitted by appealing to the imperial clemency. (Instead, however, of one or two, five years of the punishment were remitted)."

We have not time at present to continue our translations, nor, indeed, room to spare for their admission, if we had more leisure. Much, however, and of equal interest, remains, and we shall revert to our "labour of love," unless the English edition is soon published.

The Life of a Sailor. By a Captain in the Navy. 3 vols. London: Bentley.

THERE is much nautical drollery and lively dialogue in these volumes, and, moreover, a good deal of natural tenderness and gentleness of feeling. They are the work of a sailor, and, we hear, a skilful and good one. They resemble, too, the element on which their author has so long been a dweller: they are rough and smooth; mild and turbulent; now dark and frowning, then bright and smiling; and though everywhere bearing the stamp and impress of a gentleman, they have such touches of the great deep about them

as could only be given by a hand familiar with the "Wooden World" and all its wonders. The dialogues, it is true, are sometimes too long; the narratives more than enough protracted, and so many words employed on occasion as to weaken what is otherwise vigorous, like firing blank with ball; besides, the author wanders a little from his course sometimes, as his vessel may have done when she dragged her anchors. But these defects are as nothing compared to the merits of the work; every page is full of life, and satisfies us that the most stirring and laughable scenes of a seaman's toils may be displayed without caricature, and rehearsed in the language of polite society. It is but fair to state, that we have seen much that has pleased us here printed elsewhere. The author himself informs us of this—an almost needless warning, for who can have forgotten some of the cleverest papers which have appeared in the *Metropolitan*? We shall select a few passages of various kinds, to give our readers a taste of our sea captain's spirit; the following is his account of Sir Peter Parker's encounter, in a frigate, with the whole French fleet:—

"We were within hail, and hammering away in the most Christian-like manner, when the master reported that the French fleet had tacked, and that the van ship looked to windward of us. A prudent man would have instantly desisted from further offensive operations, and only thought of a speedy retreat: not so Sir Peter Parker: he was resolved to have a continuation of the tragedy, and interrupted the cautious suggestions of old Soundings, with, 'Another broadside, my lads: be steady, and take good aim. That's all right—let the smoke clear away.'—'We must really wear, sir,' said the master, 'for, independent of being in shoal water, we never can pass to windward of the enemy's line; and we cannot run between them and the shore, for that in-shore squadron.'—'One more broadside, and then stand by to board,' was the only answer. Sir Peter's guardian angel interposed, and took the film of glory from his eyes, showing him his inevitable ruin in the perseverance of his plan. We wore and stood out to sea; the French frigate again cheering, the batteries firing, and we for the moment quieted. To hug the wind, and give the enemy a windward chase, was impossible; we could neither carry jib nor fore-top-sail; the breeze was freshening fast, and the fishes in the shape of capstan bars were not sufficiently strong to support the mast: our damages otherwise were trifling, being mostly confined to the running rigging, which was shortly spliced and re-rove, or one or two holes in the sails. We had nothing left for it but to steer boldly for the van ship of the enemy's line, say our prayers, and pack up for a French prison. As for *hope*, we had none. A single frigate to face thirteen sail of the line, amongst them were three three-deckers, besides an in-shore squadron, all ready to pick up the wounded bird, if it should happen to fly past the line of fire; something like pigeon-shooting, where, if the pigeon is missed by the man in, about a thousand stragglers take the liberty of knocking it down.

"I was quartered at the eight after-guns on the main-deck, and therefore I had the entrée of the captain's cabin, or rather the privilege of walking where the cabin did exist. My attention was awakened by the presence of the captain; for I had been looking out of the stern-windows at our late antagonist, who, while he directed his course into Toulon, continued to direct his broadside at us. Sir Peter called his clerk, destroyed his private letters; placed the signals in the leaded box, ready to be thrown

overboard; looked round the quarters quite unconcerned; and having cast his eyes over some private memorandums, walked on deck as leisurely as if he had a prospect of saving the frigate. * * *

"The private signals were placed on the capstan, and Sir Peter took up his position on the carronade slide on the larboard side, abreast of the wheel. The men all stood to their quarters, and the minute rapidly approached which was to decide our fate. We were within about two miles of our adversaries when the leading ship tacked and shortened sail. This was followed by the whole fleet, which tacked in succession, and brought their rear ship as our nearest opponent. As we were obliged to steer about a point and a half from the wind, the French line looked to windward of us, and we were sailing upon that angle which would have brought us exactly in contact with the centre ship. We were about a mile distant from the sternmost ship, when the French fleet edged away, and steered on a parallel with us. To have borne up would have been madness, because the whole line would have been outside of us, and might have run us either on shore or on board, as they thought best. Our enemies being under their topsails and jib, progressed about five knots through the water, while the *Menelaus*, being under all sail she could bear, was advancing at the rate of nine. We were now a long pistol shot distant, and abreast of the enemy's rear ship. Calmly did we stand the broadside of her—to return it was useless; besides, firing puts down the wind, and the harder it blew the better for us. We passed ship after ship, each firing as we came abreast, and each ceasing when her second ahead commenced. Had they made more sail, and luffed to the wind, nothing in the world could have saved us—the capture was inevitable. At last we came alongside of the headmost ship. Hope now began to dawn; provided our masts escaped, we had a chance of escape. Not a word was heard on board the *Menelaus* as the broadside of the eighty-gun ship whistled over our heads. The master himself was steering the ship with the steadiness of a fearless sailor, determined not to lose an inch of ground, and we had passed the beam of the enemy before he relinquished the helm to the quarter-master. At this moment the enemy ceased firing, and the whole fleet began to make all sail in chase."

The following is, we think, very touching, and very naturally described; in cutting out a ship, a French soldier, with his son, a boy, were our only opponents. The soldier had wounded several of our men, when he was, in his turn, attacked:—

"The marine now stopped, and resting his gun over a small projection of a rock, fired, and shot the child: he fell in the act of offering another cartridge to the French soldier. The father instantly dropped his musket, and fell by the side of his son. Of course we made a rush to the spot, and both were prisoners in a moment. The soldier seemed as insensible to our movements as if we were miles from the spot: he perfectly disregarded our approach: he had seated himself in the centre of the road, and, having placed the boy's head upon his lap, began to wipe away the blood as it oozed from a wound in the child's forehead. On being desired to get up and follow us, he paid not the least attention. The world and the world's light were shut to him: he saw not—thought not—spoke not; but, with a kind of mechanical motion, apparently involuntary, he wiped and wiped the blood, as the increasing flow gushed through the wound. The eye rested upon the spot; but with such inanimation as almost made it a mockery of sight. There were no tears, no sighs; and, save now and then a gurgle in the child's throat, as he made an endeavour to

breathe, the stillness of death itself could not have been more profound. At last a shivering seized the boy; the eye became fixed and glassy; and the opened jaw, gradually distending, marked the rapid approach of death;—then came one short convulsive sigh, and the boy was a corpse. My voice, like the death-raven's, croaked out the miserable truth; on which the father sprang from his seat, the marine brought his bayonet to the charge, and the Frenchman endeavoured to throw himself upon its point; but the marine, as the father rushed on, dropped his musket and encircled him in his arms. We immediately secured his hands, and desired him to lead us to the beach near the cottage. The marine carried the dead boy; and the father walked by the side, his eyes riveted on the corpse, in perfect silence, without a tear, and apparently without a thought. We certainly did not return the way we advanced, for we had passed our boat before we came suddenly upon the rear of the cottage. The woman was still at her wheel; she was very old and apparently childish. She never raised her eyes from her employment until we were within about two yards of her, when, lifting up her head, she fixed her eyes upon her son, bound, and in the custody of strangers: she gave a violent shriek; and, after gazing a short second, she turned the wheel again and began to spin out her thread. The shriek was not ineffectual: for a fine woman, about thirty, immediately rushed from the hut, and there saw, in painful reality, her husband a prisoner, her child dead, and her mother an idiot. She looked first at her parent, and then rushed to seize her dead child from the arms of its murderer. She kissed it, hugged it, gazed on it;—then, giving one deep and audible sigh, fell at the feet of her mother. The husband had been unbound, and looked at the scene in perfect stone-like apathy; the grandmother still turned the wheel and pinched the thread with all the indifference of mechanism; the wife still clung to the dead child, which she convulsively grasped; and we, the cause of all this ruin and desolation, remained with fixed eyes upon the melancholy sight before us."

In the course of his adventures, our author, along with Sir Peter Parker and a picked detachment, made a descent on the continent of North America; they marched up to the dwelling of a colonel of militia; his three young daughters were at home; the superior officer on this occasion, (we presume Sir George Cockburn,) a calm, stern, decided man, said, "Your father has assisted in arming the militia—he is a colonel too—in ten minutes time I shall set fire to this house; remove therefore your most valuable effects, which shall not be touched by my men."

"Any man who knew the character of our commanding officer, would have known that he never deviated from his word, and consequently would have availed themselves of the limited time, and packed up for a change of residence. Not so the young ladies; they endeavoured, by all the arts of their sex, to turn us from our resolution. Mark Antony lost the world for a tear: our American friends lost their valuable effects by trying the tender appeal on a sailor's heart; they threw themselves on their knees, begged, implored, urged, and once commanded us to depart—to respect their forlorn unprotected situation, and to leave them to their home, their wretchedness, and their tears: 'we,' they continued, 'never assisted in the war, excepting to succour the wounded, and supply the distressed; we never urged our father to arm the militia-men; we are, in fact, poor and forlorn females: do not turn us out in the dead of night, to seek another asylum; consider we are women;

consider our sex, and reserve your decree until to-morrow.'

"However unfeeling it may appear, yet I am bound to make the remark, that highway robbers or midnight plunderers never wait for to-morrow: 'carpe diem' is their motto. The poor little ladies never considered that papa and the militia might stop our holiday's bonfire, if we waited for what never arrives—'to-morrow.' Five minutes had elapsed; and to look on all countenances, and to see the devastating determination which existed, might have damped the strongest hope: but ladies are very persevering. The youngest, a girl of about sixteen, and lovely beyond her sex's loveliness—at least in these parts—threw herself on her knees, and clasping Sir Peter Parker, begged him to interfere in their behalf. He must have been something more than a man to have withstood this, without any manifestation of concern, or without flinching. The tears started in his eyes in a moment, and this confession of weakness was hailed as a happy omen. I had been looking through a thick mist the whole time; but my tears are near the surface, and I do not want my heart probed to produce them. But there stood the chief—his countenance unchanged and unchangeable—his watch on the table, and his eyes fixed upon it. One girl had seized his left arm, which she pressed with her open hands; another watched every feature of his countenance; and the third was kneeling—a kind of supplicating angel, who soon caused the feelings of the sailor to overcome his duty. Sir Peter began a stammering sentence, which the chief soon cut short with a glance of his quick eye. The time was expired; the watch replaced in the fob; and I was desired to order the men to bring the fire-balls (these balls were a collection of rope-yarns covered with pitch). Never shall I forget the despair of that moment. Poor Sir Peter wept like a child, whilst the girl clung to his knees and impeded his retreat; the chief walked out with his usual haughty stride, followed by the two eldest girls, who again and again vainly implored him to countermand the order. Sir Peter was scarcely clear of the threshold, when the flames of the house threw a vivid light over the before still darkness. We retreated from the scene of ruin, leaving the three daughters gazing at the work of desolation, which made the innocent houseless, and the affluent beggars. It is needless inquiring about feelings, or such-like poetical terms: all men feel, some more intensely than others—but duty and feeling must often be at variance—and the man who sacrifices the former at the suggestion of the latter, may make a very good man, but a very bad officer. It is possible to blend the two together. It is said—'who handsomely denies, half grants the suit': on the above occasion, no man will say that the ladies were not handsomely denied, but the suit was by no means granted."

We had marked more passages for quotation, but the volumes are before the world. We have, it is true, given none of the gay and humorous scenes, such as the whimsical duels between some of the inferior officers, realizing the maritime blundering and humour of the days of Truncheon and Hatchway; neither have we alluded to the history of the author's early experiences at sea, when he was pulled from his mother's bosom and thrown on board, amongst the roughest, but the kindest, perhaps, of all classes of men. When the devils entered into the swine of old, they all ran to sea—we have no wish to become mariners.

Practical Notes made during a Tour in Canada, and a Portion of the United States, in 1831. By Adam Fergusson. Dedicated by Permission to the Highland Society of Scotland. Edinburgh: Blackwood; London, Cadell.

This is a clever and sensible book; and it requires to be so, for, following so closely after such a work as Stuart's, it would not be acceptable to the public without strong claims to their attention. The author is one of the fairest observers, and one of the best informed men who have yet attempted to give us an account of the condition of our brethren in the Canadas. He is searching, patient, and inquisitive: he is fond of facts, and takes some trouble to find them: he stops on his way to discuss the merits of a new kind of fence, lingers by a log cabin to learn the notion of its inmates respecting alluvial soils and rotation of crops; when he hears a wise remark he notes it down, nor does he let a witty one escape him—in short, his taste extends to poultry, pigs, and prairies—to savages and civilians, senators and settlers—to land cultivated and land barren—and to everything which can be useful or interesting to emigrants, who may desire to leave stern laws, high taxes, man-traps, hardship, and hunger, for freedom and abundance. On Mr. Fergusson's pages we have Canada and part of the United States, spread out before us like a map, with all their capabilities ticketed and labelled. We can give but few extracts.

The following will not be displeasing to a very meritorious writer, who is now, we are grieved to hear, confined to his house through ill health—the scene is New York:—

"I frequently visited the seed-store of Mr. Thorburn, a character of some celebrity, and of great originality, being, as he informed me at our first interview, the 'very identical Laurie Tod,' and that so far as the first volume of that entertaining work goes, Galt had exactly recorded his life and adventures. Besides other sources of enjoyment, Mr. Thorburn is distinguished for a lively and unflinching reliance upon a special overruling Providence, not a blind fatalism, but a conviction that, in all the crosses of life, a blessing will be found by those who faithfully seek it. He detailed many singular illustrations of this doctrine in his own history, and altogether gratified me much by his acquaintance. His original profession was that of a nail-maker at Dalkeith, and by that alone he looked for a livelihood in the New World. Soon after his arrival, however, this handicraft was annihilated by the introduction of machinery, and poor Thorburn was driven to open a small grocery store for subsistence to *Phemie* and himself. It was his practice to visit the butcher-market at a late hour, that he might pick up a cheap morsel, and observing a man offering plants for sale in pots, and seemingly like himself rather low in the world, Thorburn accosted him. He proved to be a fellow countryman, an industrious, but rather unsuccessful, market gardener, of the name of Inglis, from Kirkcaldy, and from a sort of commiseration, Thorburn bought a rose-geranium, intending it to ornament his shop. At this time he scarce knew a geranium from a cabbage. Pleased with his purchase, when he got home he painted his pot a gay green, and placed it in his window. 'And now,' says he, when he told me his story, with his eyes twinkling, 'mark the kindness of Providence. The day after my geranium appeared in its new pot, a lady happening to drive past, remarked its beauty, and not only bought it at a handsome

price, but gave me such orders as enabled me to open a busy trade with poor Inglis. My shop soon became more celebrated for plants than for tea and tobacco; and many inquiries having been made for garden-seeds, I procured an assortment, and gradually extended my concern until I reached the possession of the handsome premises and flourishing trade which I now enjoy."

In Upper Canada he meets with a Scotchman almost fresh from his native land—the account of the interview is characteristic:—

"Adjoining to this spot lived a young Scotch settler, who had recently purchased a lot of 100 acres from Mr. D. He had already got a very snug shanty erected, and was labouring away with his oxen, blythe and cheerful, at a good hazel-coloured sandy loam. Recognising at once, by his dialect, from what part of Scotland he had come, I inquired if he knew a particular friend of my own on the Borders, and the poor fellow's ecstasy was most amusing when he exclaimed that his own father was a tenant upon my friend's estate. 'I'm sure,' says he, 'he'll no have forgot Walter Smith; but tell him you met the poacher, and he'll be sure to mind me.' I of course hinted a suspicion that some mishap attending that lawless character had accelerated his movements across the Atlantic, which, however, proved not to be the case. 'At all events,' I remarked, 'you neither need certificate nor qualification here: what do you principally shoot?' 'Indeed,' says he, 'if you'll believe me, Sir, I scarce ever think about it, for there's naeboddy here seeks to hinder us; a remarkable answer, and not without its use in forming a clew to the fascinations and excitement of a smuggler's or a poacher's life. A herd of deer only two days before, had wandered past him, yet Walter felt no inclination to leave the plough, although his rifle stood loaded in the shanty. He will have thirty acres ready for wheat, to sow in autumn, which, if he continues steady and industrious, will make his way to independence clear enough, as he paid down at entry the full price of his land. 'You want only a wife now,' I observed, 'to make you complete.' 'Yes, Sir; but I'll have her from Auld Scotland, for these Yankee lasses are good for naught; they'll blaw the horn and tak a man frae the plough to fetch them a skeel o' water.' Ungallant as this speech may appear, it is nevertheless true, that American females almost exclusively confine their attention to duties within doors. Nothing can be more clean, tidy, and comfortable than their domestic arrangements, but they are seldom, indeed, expected to extend their services; and the surprise and incredulity of many a farmer in the States was unspeakable, when I told them of women in the old country, of all ages, being regularly seen at work in a turnip-field, or engaged in filling a dung-cart."

Respecting emigration, the author recommends a plan of his own, which we think excellent, when arranged by families who know and have confidence in one another:—

"Nothing, however, is more certain than this, that here, as in all human arrangements, much benefit may be derived from combined efforts. For such a purpose, my own wish would be to form a small association of colonists, who would go to market for a tract of land suited to their purpose, and which there can be no doubt they would procure in a large block, and for a price to be paid down, upon very advantageous terms. Having made the purchase, let each individual be immediately put in absolute possession of his own estate. Future arrangements would be dictated by circumstances; and self-interest, the most efficient of all agents, could be easily brought to bear upon the good of all. Artisans, machinery, live-stock, with many other requisites, could be procured, at a remunerating rate for a community, which would never have paid

a return to individual settlers, and a prosperous advance might soon be looked for. Of course, I cannot be supposed to contemplate a communion of property, or such-like wise-headed dreams; but the mutual solace and comfort of ten or a dozen respectable families thus planted together, is beyond any estimate we can form. Sickness and death itself would be shorn of many terrors to the head of a family, when thus assured of his little ones having kind and willing friends around him, embarked in the same concern, and yet having no temptation to injure or defraud. Objections to such a plan may be raised upon the ground of human fickleness and whim, and certainly the selection would require to be made with strict attention to character and sense; but no insuperable difficulty presents itself to my mind, which should prevent it from being carried into successful operation. I would have the stock agreed upon placed in the hands of respectable agents, as the Upper Canada Bank, or a bank at home, a small committee appointed, and power given to make a purchase, and to have it surveyed and divided, and each man's portion set off by lot, or in such other way as might be preferred. Should any special advantage, as a mill-power, gypsum-quarry, &c. accrue to one portion of the property, it might be again appropriated by lot, or have such conditions attached to it, for common behoof, as would place all the parties on a par."

We have abstained from going into any of the minute details and calculations concerning the purchase and improvement of land, in which Mr. Fergusson excels: we could not do the subject justice in limits such as ours. He, however, recommends Upper Canada, or the Michigan district, as the cheapest and best for settlers who are not rich; and he condemns the conduct of some of our parochial authorities, who transported shiploads of paupers to the shore of Lower Canada, put four pounds into their hands, and turned them adrift to pine and starve. We are also concerned to hear that, while the American government rewarded such of their citizens as were injured during the brief but hot war with Britain, some of our Canadian subjects who perilled their all, and lost it in the strife, are left without recompense.

STANDARD NOVELS. No. XXIV. — *Corinne*. London: Bentley.

It is rather late, we fear, to publish an edition of 'Corinne': all who desired, must long since have read a work, which has been for years the grace and ornament of our book-stalls; it was, indeed, only a few days ago, that we saw the three neat little volumes bound in green, and marked 4s. 6d. Mr. Bentley, however, is a bold man, and here is not only a new edition, but a new translation, with a Memoir of Madame de Staël, by the Editor (!) of the Standard Novels, who, in a note, acknowledges his literary obligations "to Mrs. Child's Life of Madame de Staël, to Madame Junot's Memoirs, and to Lord Byron's Historical Notes to the fourth canto of Childe Harold." "Oh, rare and equal justice!" Now, will the reader believe that this Memoir is *word for word* a reprint from Mrs. Child's Life of Madame de Staël, published last year in America, and reviewed in the *Athenæum* last September? There are, it is true, most absurd omissions, curtailings, and dovetailings; but there is *not one original word* in the Memoir. As to the obligation to Lord Byron's Childe Harold, and Madame Junot's Memoirs, they are merely mentioned as a blind. There is one quotation from Lord Byron, and one from the Duchess—to this extent and no further, except by omissions, is there any alteration in Mrs. Child's work.

Le Livre des Cent-et-Un. Vol. IX.

[Third Notice.]

M. de Cormenin was a counsellor of state under Napoleon and under the Bourbons. He has always been an ardent lover of liberty, and we shall this week present our readers with a translation of his interesting and clever paper, entitled,

Napoleon in the Council of State.

"When the foreigner, who explores his way through the narrow corridors of the Hotel Molé, perceives at the further end of a dark room, a few individuals in embroidered coats, crowded together, pressing upon each other almost to suffocation—assembled perhaps to determine whether a *garde champêtre* shall be proceeded against,† or a ditch be cleansed—he naturally inquires whether this be the council of state once so celebrated throughout Europe, and whose immortal codes still govern many countries in no way connected with France.

"No! the present council of state is a sort of petty sessions, with no defined jurisdiction—a den of sinecurists—an institution without form or legality;—it is no longer that powerful body which, under Napoleon, prepared the imperial decrees, regulated the provinces, kept watch over the ministers, organized conquered countries, interpreted the law, and governed the empire.

"It was in the great hall of the Tuileries, next to the Chapel, that our laws were elaborated, and formed into those codes so magnificent in their conception, so simple in their arrangement, and of such rigorous precision,—codes which have outlived the splendour of the empire, and will be lasting as bronze. There, was that powerful home administration established, by whose rusty wheels our little statesmen of the day still cling to save themselves from falling.

"The council of state was the seat of the government and the soul of the empire. Its auditors, under the name of Intendants, adapted the yoke to the necks of conquered nations. Its ministers of state, under the name of Presidents of Sections, controlled the acts of the cabinet. Its counsellors, under the title of government orators, discussed the laws in the senate and the legislative body. To its counsellors extraordinary, under the appellation of Directors General, were intrusted the administration of the customs, the crown lands, the general imposts, the bridges and causeways, the sinking fund, the woods and forests, and the treasury;—they laid taxes upon the provinces of Illyria, Holland, and Spain; established the French codes at Turin, Rome, Naples, and Hamburgh, and raised à la Française principalities, duchies, and kingdoms.

"In all great epochs, the genius which frames and commands, discovers, attracts, and fecundates the genius which serves and obeys. It seems as if, by a sort of sympathetic instinct, when they come in contact, the one merges into the other.

"The turbulent tribunes—they whose organs had been worn down by the turmoils of the revolution—yielded grudgingly to the attraction of the Emperor. Napoleon had dazzled them with his victories, and, as it were, absorbed them in his strength. The minds of all men, tired of the impotency of freedom, aspired only to relaxation in a repose of splendour and greatness. The council of state, in those grave meetings where the debates were not devoid of warmth, or the speeches of power, seemed a revival of the animated discussions in the republican tribune. There it was that, at the bidding

† By the codes which govern France, even now, no public functionary can be prosecuted for any crime he may commit, unless an authorisation from the council of state be first obtained.—Ed.

of Napoleon, the most illustrious men of the revolution agreed to congregate.

"There shone Cambacères, the most didactic of legislators, and the most able of presidents; Tronchet, the most eminent judge of our age; Merlin, the best jurisconsult in Europe; Treilhard, the most nervous logician of the council; Portalis, renowned for his eloquence, Ségur for the elegance of his mind, Zangiacorni for his cutting conciseness, Albert for his great learning, and Duden for his administrative ability; Chauvelin sparkling with sallies of wit; Cuvier with his powerful mind and universal knowledge; Pasquier, so flowing in his eloquence; Boulay, so judicious; Béranger, so close in argument, so sarcastic, and so witty; Berlier, whose mind was so profound and fruitful; Degérando, so able in government, Andreossi in the art of engineering, and St. Cyr in military strategy; Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely, brilliant orator, consummate publicist, and indefatigable man of business; Bernadotte, now King of Sweden, and Jourdan, the conqueror at Fleurus.

"Scarcely had Napoleon, on his return from one of his great battles, taken off his spurs, ere a noise of muskets was heard outside the council chamber. Thrice would the drum roll; the doors would then fly open, and the Emperor rapidly enter, bow, and take his seat.

"I was then young, and I confess I could not without emotion behold that bald forehead, upon which seemed reflected from the ceiling the glory of Austerlitz, which the pencil of Gérard had painted so beautifully on the dome of the Hall of Council.

"I was present at the famous meeting of the council, after Napoleon's return from the battle of Hanau. Pale and thoughtful, and still suffering from the fatigue of travelling, the Emperor summoned us into his private closet. There, standing, and without any preparation, he sharply addressed M. Jaubert, governor of the Bank of France, who, he said, had imprudently and with too great precipitation extended his discounts. Napoleon then read the statutes of the Bank, whose mechanism he explained with wondrous precision and accuracy. It was a singular novelty to me, to hear a soldier discourse on the formation of banks, and the theory of discounts. M. Jaubert, a mild and timid man, stammered out some excuses which we did not hear. The door of the council chamber was then thrown open, each took his seat, and the business began.

"The Emperor first made a long pause. It was easily seen that he was absorbed by the workings of his mind. In spite of himself, his head fell upon his bosom, and he instinctively cut with his penknife pens, papers, and table-cover. At length, starting as from a dream, he exclaimed:

"The Bavarians! the Bavarians! I rode over them; I have killed Wrède.† Invasion is gaining ground, and there is not a moment to lose. Well, Gentlemen! what do you intend to do? what have you to say to me?"

"Sire," replied Regnault de Saint-Jean d'Angely, 'you may rely upon the valour of the Dutch.'

"The Dutch! do you really think I place any dependence upon them? It is not blood, but coloured water that runs in their veins."

"But addresses, Sire, are coming from all parts of the empire, and all the public bodies attest their fidelity and devotion to your Majesty."

"What are you saying, Monsieur Regnault? Do you think I don't know how such addresses are got up, and what they are worth? Do I give credence to them? I want men and money, and not fine sentences. You, gentlemen are eminent citizens, fathers of families,

† He believed this to be the case.

and fathers of the state. It is, therefore, your place to command the public opinion by the eloquence of your exhortations; it is for you to prevent the shame and misery of an invasion, which threatens the empire."

"But these words came too late. The empire was tottering to its very foundations, and when epochs are marked out by Providence, governments and people, in spite of their genius, must follow their destiny and sink into the tomb; for this is no more than the logical conclusion of their errors.

"If Napoleon perished so completely, it is because he constituted in himself his renown, his dynasty, and his empire. Who would not have bowed their heads before his superiority? and who did not feel, on approaching him, the charm of his all-powerful fascination? There was no servility in this obedience to him, because it was voluntary; it was irresistible, and amounted sometimes even to passion. You were never tired of looking upon that broad and pensive forehead, which enclosed the destiny of nations; but you could not encounter his irresistible eye, which searched into the secrets of your innermost soul. All other men—emperors, kings, generals, ministers—in his presence, appeared beings of an inferior and vulgar species. There was command in the very sound of his voice, and yet a sweetness, nay, a tenderness—a sort of Italian persuasiveness, which set your nerves vibrating. It was by this inconceivable mixture of grace and strength, of simplicity and splendour, of single-heartedness and superiority, of exquisite tact and abruptness, that he subjugated the most rebellious hearts, and overcame the most prejudiced. It may be truly said, that he conquered with the word as with the sword.

"In his genius there was oriental pomp combined with mathematic precision.

"His eloquence, which to him was not a studied accomplishment, but a means of command, could adapt itself to all times and circumstances. To the soldiers, men of the people, he spoke the language of the people, ever fond of amplification, of recollections, and of emotions. To the learned he spoke of science; and he corrected with the clerks, in the public offices, statistical tables loaded with figures. At the council he drew up laws with Treilhard, Merlin, Béranger, and Portalis.

"He was fond of exciting discussion among the counsellors. He stimulated them to argument, either because this was the image of his favourite science, war, or because he would elicit the sparks of truth from the concussion of debate. He himself sometimes skirmished with Treilhard, an obstinate and formidable dialectician, who stuck closely to his imperial antagonist. The Emperor used to say that a victory over Treilhard cost him more trouble than winning a battle.

"His style of argumentation was quick, precipitate, and overpowering; without connexion or method, but natural, and full of genius. He threw forth clouds of flame and smoke. Although he had not studied law, he guessed it; and lawyers were wonder-struck at the depth of his reasoning, and the ingenious sagacity of his interpretations.

"Endowed by nature with an incredible power of attention, he could, without the least effort, pass from a discussion of civil and political jurisprudence, to the minute details of an equipment order for the navy, or a regulation for the army contractors for bread. Neither time nor matter could satiate the devouring activity of his genius. On leaving a council of ministers, he would proceed to the council of state, and attend afterwards the Committee of Public Works. Whilst the counsellors of state, tired and overcome, could not resist the powers of sleep, it seemed to him an excellent joke to prolong the sitting of the council till night.

He felt neither hunger nor fatigue; his indomitable will seemed to govern his constitution as it did everything else.

"Greater than Alexander, Charlemagne, Peter I., or Frederick, like them he has given his name to the age in which he lived. Like them he was a legislator—like them he founded an empire. His universal memory exists under the tents of the Arabs, and crosses, in the canoe of the savage, the rivers of Oceania. The French people, who so soon forget, have retained only his name, from a revolution which shook the world. The soldiers in their bivouacs speak of no other leader, nor, when they pass through cities, do they fix their eyes upon any other image.

"When the people effected the revolution of July, the dusty flag borne by the soldier mechanics, who were the extemporaneous chiefs of the insurrection, was the same that had waved under the French eagle. It was the flag of Austerlitz, of Jena, and of Wagram, rather than that of Jemappes, and Fleurus; it was the flag planted upon the towers of Lisbon, Vienna, Berlin, Rome, and Moscow, rather than that which floated at the confederation of the Champ de Mars; it was the ball-pierced flag of Waterloo; the flag which the Emperor kissed at Fontainebleau, when he bade adieu to his old guard; the flag which, at St. Helena, shaded the brow of the expiring hero;—it was, in a word, the flag of Napoleon.

"He dispelled the popular illusion which connects sovereignty, majesty, and power, with the blood of kings. He raised the people in their own esteem, when he displayed to them kings descended from a long line of kings, suing at the feet of a king sprung from the people. He so completely eclipsed all these emperors and these kings by comparison with himself, that, taking them one by one, and placing them by his side, they are scarcely to be observed, so obscure and little do they appear.

"But let us stop: for I already hear a murmur of severity, and I fear that history may also lay its charges against him for whom posterity has already begun, and say: 'He dethroned the sovereignty of the people; he was emperor of the French republic, and he became its despot; he threw the weight of his sword into the scales of the law; he shut up individual liberty in state prisons; he stifled the liberty of the press under the gags of a censorship; he violated the liberty of the jury, and held under his feet, in the degradation of servitude, the courts of justice, the legislative body, and the senate; he put generations of men, like the produce of the field, into regular crops, and depopulated the workshops and the corn-fields; he engrafted upon the army a new nobility which would soon have become more hateful than the old, because it had neither the same antiquity nor the same illusions to back it; he levied arbitrary imposts; he permitted throughout the empire no voice to be heard but his own; there was but one will, that of the sovereign—but one law, his decrees. Our capital, our cities, our armies, our fleets, our palaces, our museums, our magistrates, and our citizens, became his capital, his cities, his armies, his fleets, his palaces, his museums, his magistrates, and his subjects. He dragged the nation through fields of battle, where we have left no recollections save the insolence of our victories, our corpses, and our gold; in fine, after having besieged Cadiz, and held in his hand the keys of Lisbon and Madrid, of Vienna and Berlin, of Naples and Rome—after having made the pavement of Moscow tremble under the wheels of our artillery, he left France less great than he found her, covered with bleeding wounds, dismantled, defenceless, impoverished, and humiliated.'

"Ah! if I have perhaps too much admired this extraordinary man, who did so much good

and so much harm to my country, whose memory will be eternal in the workshop and in the cottage—and whose popular name became confounded in my imagination with the prosperity and brightest hopes of my country;—if the pride of his conquests was too flattering to my heart; if the rays of his glory struck too vividly upon my young mind,—from the moment, O Liberty, that I knew thee, and thy pure splendour penetrated into my soul, I have eagerly followed thee; for thou art the only passion of generous minds, the only treasure worthy of envy;—thou who preferest to men that change, principles which change not, and to the brutality of force, the conquest of reason; thou who art the parent of order, and on whom thy detractors would fain place the *bonnet-range* of anarchy; thou who deemest all citizens equal, and all men brothers; thou who givest legal superiority to none but responsible magistrates, and moral superiority to none but the virtuous; thou, who seest pass before thee hereditary empires like those clouds which for an instant obscure the pure blue of the heavens; thou who shinest through the bars of the political prison—upon whom the wise man meditates, whom the slave invokes, and whose name is even sighed forth from the tomb; thou who wilt make thy tour of Europe to stir up cities and kingdoms with the grace and power of thy eloquence; thou who wilt see fall prostrate before thee, in the progress of thy triumph, secret tribunals, state prisons, public executions, aristocracies, patch-work charters, standing armies, the censorship, custom-house tyrannies, and monopolies; thou who wilt confederate, in a holy alliance, nations differing in manners and language, in the name of their common interest, in the name of their independence, dignity, civilization, peace, and happiness; thou who despisest vain conquests and false greatness, and who camest upon earth not to oppress, but to make it free, and to glorify it; thou who givest fecundity to commerce, and inspirest genius; thou who canst only be served with disinterestedness, and loved with transport; thou who excitest the first palpitation in the heart of youth, and art the sublime invocation of old age; thou, Liberty, who, after having broken their fetters, will conduct the last slaves, with songs of glory, and with palm branches in their hands, to the funeral of despotism!"

Waverley Anecdotes, illustrating some of the popular Characters, Scenes and Incidents in the Scottish Novels. 2 vols. London: Cochrane & McCrone.

THE idea of this work is excellent. To trace the sources of the great novelist's inspirations through song, tale, tradition, and history, and ascribe to each story and character its true portions of fiction and reality—to show where he followed fact, and where he had called in the help of imagination, and prove to the world that a cupfull of the fountain of truth can give the hues of nature to an ocean of fiction, was a conception worthy of an admirer of Scott. The author has not however fulfilled the promise of the undertaking to the extent we could wish. He has sought matter in many sources, open and obscure: he has read much, and listened to more; and he seems well acquainted with Scottish history, and the manners and customs and feelings of the people: but he has not arranged his many-coloured materials to our taste; in fact, he has raised a cairn on the grave of Scott rather than a noble monument. The reader will nevertheless find amusement and instruction in these little handsome volumes; certainly, to a Scotch-

man, they will be welcome, for they have much of the north in them—we only wish they had more. For the lovers of the picturesque, there is a good view of the Old Bridge of Dumfries, built in 1200, and for the lovers of Celtic heads, there is one of Rob Roy sufficiently savage.

ORIGINAL PAPERS

ODE TO MISS KELLY,

On her Opening the Strand Theatre.

O Betty—I beg pardon—Fanny K.!
(I was just thinking of your Betty Finikin)—
Permit me thus to say,
In quite a friendly way—
I like your theatre, though but a minikin;
For tho' small stages Kean dislikes to spout on,
Renounce me! if I don't agree with Dowton,
The Minors are the Passions' proper schools.
For me, I never can
Find wisdom in the plan
That keeps large reservoirs for little Pooles.

I like your boxes, where the audience sit
A family circle; and your little pit;
I like your little stage, where you discuss
Your pleasant bill of fare,
And show us passengers so rich and rare,
Your little stage seems quite an omnibus.

I like exceedingly your Parthian dame,
Dimly remembering dramatic codgers,
The ghost of Memory—the shade of Fame!—
Lord! what a housekeeper for Mr. Rogers!
I like your Savage, of a one-horse power;
And Terence—done in Irish from the Latin;
And Sally—quite a kitchen-garden flower;
And Mrs. Drake, serene in sky-blue satin!
I like your Girl as speechless as a mummy—
It shows you can play dummy!—
I like your Boy deprived of every gleam
Of light for ever—a benighted being!
And really think—though Irish it may seem—
Your blindness is worth seeing!

I like your Governess; and there's a striking
Tale of Two Brothers, that sets tears a-flowing—
But I'm not going
All through the bill to tell you of my liking.
Suffice it, Fanny Kelly! with your art
So much in love, like others, I have grown,
I really mean myself to take a part
In "Free and Easy"—at my own bespeak—
And shall three times a week
Drop in and make your pretty house my own!
T. Hood.

ON THE TOTAL DEFECT OF THE QUALITY OF IMAGINATION, OBSERVABLE IN THE WORKS OF MODERN BRITISH ARTISTS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'ELIA.'

ARTISTS err in the confounding of poetic with pictorial subjects. In the latter, the exterior accidents are nearly everything, the unseen qualities as nothing. Othello's colour—the infirmities and corpulence of a Sir John Falstaff—do they haunt us perpetually in the reading? or are they obtruded upon our conceptions one time for ninety-nine that we are lost in admiration at the respective moral or intellectual attributes of the characters? But in a picture Othello is *always* a Blackamoor; and the other only Plump Jack. Deeply corporealized, and enchained hopelessly in the grovelling fetters of externality, must be the mind, to which, in its better moments, the image of the high-souled, high-intelligenced Quixote—the errant Star of Knighthood, made more tender by eclipse—has never presented itself, divested from

the unhallowed accompaniment of a Sancho, or a rabblement at the heels of Rozinante. That man has read his book by halves; he has laughed, mistaking his author's purport, which was—tears. The artist that pictures Quixote (and it is in this degrading point that he is every season held up at our Exhibitions) in the shallow hope of exciting mirth, would have joined the rabble at the heels of his starved steed. We wish not to see *that* counterfeited, which we would not have wished to see in the reality. Conscious of the heroic inside of the noble Quixote, who, on hearing that his withered person was passing, would have stepped over his threshold to gaze upon his forlorn habiliments, and the "strange bed-fellows which misery brings a man acquainted with"? Shade of Cervantes! who in thy Second Part could put into the mouth of thy Quixote those high aspirations of a super-chivalrous gallantry, where he replies to one of the shepherdesses, apprehensive that he would spoil their pretty net works, and inviting him to be a guest with them, in accents like these: "Truly, fairest Lady, Actæon was not more astonished when he saw Diana bathing herself in the fountain, than I have been in beholding your beauty: I commend the manner of your pastime, and thank you for your kind offers; and, if I may serve you, so I may be sure you will be obeyed, you may command me: for my profession is this, To show myself thankful, and a doer of good to all sorts of people, especially of the rank that your person shows you to be; and if those nets, as they take up but a little piece of ground, should take up the whole world, I would seek out new worlds to pass through, rather than break them: and [he adds], that you may give credit to this my exaggeration, behold at least he that promiseteth you this, is Don Quixote de la Mancha, if haply this name hath come to your hearing." Illustrious Romancer! were the "fine frenzies," which possessed the brain of thy own Quixote, a fit subject, as in this Second Part, to be exposed to the jeers of Duennas and Serving Men? to be monstered, and shown up at the heartless banquets of great men? Was that pitiable infirmity, which in thy First Part misleads him, *always from within*, into half-ludicrous, but more than half-compassionate and admirable errors, not infliction enough from heaven, that men by studied artifices must devise and practise upon the humour, to inflame where they should soothe it? Why, Goneril would have blushed to practise upon the abdicated king at this rate, and the she-wolf Regan not have endured to play the pranks upon his fled wits, which thou hast made thy Quixote suffer in Duchesses' halls, and at the hands of that unworthy nobleman.†

In the First Adventures even, it needed all the art of the most consummate artist in the Book way that the world hath yet seen, to keep up in the mind of the reader the heroic attributes of the character without relaxing; so as absolutely that they shall suffer no alloy from the debasing fellowship of the clown. If it ever obtrudes itself as a disharmony, are we inclined to laugh; or not, rather, to indulge a contrary emotion?—Cervantes, stung, perchance, by the relish with which his Reading Public had received

† Yet from this Second Part, our cried-up pictures are mostly selected; the waiting-women with beards, &c.

the fooleries of the man, more to their palates than the generousities of the master, in the sequel let his pen run riot, lost the harmony and the balance, and sacrificed a great idea to the taste of his contemporaries. We know that in the present day the Knight has fewer admirers than the Squire. Anticipating, what did actually happen to him—as afterwards it did to his scarce inferior follower, the Author of 'Guzman de Alfarache'—that some less knowing hand would prevent him by a spurious Second Part; and judging, that it would be easier for his competitor to out-bid him in the comicalities, than in the romance, of his work, he abandoned his Knight, and has fairly set up the Squire for his Hero. For what else has he unsealed the eyes of Sancho; and, instead of that twilight state of semi-insanity—the madness at second-hand—the contagion, caught from a stronger mind infected—that war between native cunning, and hereditary deference, with which he has hitherto accompanied his master—two for a pair almost—does he substitute a downright Knave, with open eyes, for his own ends only following a confessed Madman; and offering at one time to lay, if not actually laying, hands upon him! From the moment that Sancho loses his reverence, Don Quixote is become a—treatable lunatic. Our artists handle him accordingly.

PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, Jan. 24.

M. Fétis is a most indefatigable professor of music, and, as is both natural and fair with artists, he thinks that there is but one thing or idea in the world, viz. his art. He thus labours to render all the world musicians, at least in science. 'Music comprehensible to all the World,' was the name of his grammar, and he has ever since been lecturing, or explaining by experiment, the theories contained in his volume. He has been thus led to give, this season, a series of concerts very remarkable and unique in their way, which have drawn crowds of amateurs. He proposed to give specimens of music from its most ancient day, and thus, in about twelve concerts, to make his subscribers acquainted with the entire progress of the art, from the hymns of the early church to the last opera of Rossini. His concerts resemble the long gallery at Florence, along which are ranged specimens of the art of painting, from the gold and azure tints of the predecessors of Perugino down to those of living artists. The idea has pleased very much in Paris;† although that part of it which would have considerable attraction for London amateurs did not please the Parisians. This was the old cathedral music, which was thrown away upon the ears of the French heathens, ignorant at this day of the beauties of Handel. Nevertheless, the ancient Hymn to the Virgin, sung in choir as it used to be by the Italian fraternities, was rewarded by a profane applause, such as it was never destined to call forth. The succession of specimens was, of course, calculated to excite some national rivalry. As the French, however, had nothing ancient to boast, their patriotism was not called forth in applause. The palm was contested by Spain and Italy. A *vilhancio* of the former country, being a war-song sung by women, bore away the prize of excellence, until a *romanesca*, or Italian dance of the close of the sixteenth century, came to throw it into the shade. This was declared to be the type of all Rossini's best airs; and M. Fétis was there, with ample

† The idea is excellent, and we wish that some sound musician would give a series of like concerts in London.

proofs of its originality and its existence at the epoch which he assigned.

In literature there is little new. The writer of 'Indiana' and 'Valentine,' is now positively known to be Madame Dudevant, a young lady who, some years back, distinguished herself at the age of thirteen, by an indomitable wish to escape from her parents and seek out Lord Byron. Frustrated in this, she was subsequently married, *à la mode Française*, to some son of earth most unlike the poet. Doubtful of the success of her productions, she published under the name of her friend Sand, who thus finds himself loaded with a celebrity which, not having talent enough to support, he has confessed the truth; and the lady thus alone stands answerable for works that do more honour to her genius than her delicacy.

Of Chateaubriand's pamphlet I can say little to you, it being in the domain of politics, except that the author is said to have sold 30,000 copies of it, and thus to have realized what he much wanted. Legitimacy is as lucrative in France as Repeal in Ireland. The critics are, however, indignant at its style and its new words, such as *chevalier*, *vicanant le crime*, *Bonnetez le soleil*, &c.

Another high royalist, Madame la Princesse de Craon, daughter of Madame du Cayla, is about to make her début in the literary world by a novel, called *Thomas Morus*, touching old England. It will be much bought—whether read or liked I may tell you in a fortnight.

Have you seen the report of the trial of Fossard, for stealing the medals of the Bibliothèque, and the implication of a countess, Madame de Nays, in said robbery? Letters and papers found in her domicile, clearly proved that she was supported in magnificence by a gang of robbers, many of whom had been sent to the galleys; that she kept a good house, and received good society, making use of her high intimacies to obtain information, alleviations of punishment, and pardons for the gang. Put that in a novel,—and who would credit it? Yet the trial proves it to be sober truth. Fossard is a singular character; he is a bold, keen, respectable-looking fellow. He pleaded, that he had robbed the library with all precaution, and with every regard for its safety in other respects. He might easily have set fire to it, he said; and his ease, he pleads, demands consideration, for that he did not do so. His apostrophe to the jury was strange enough. "The French are tigers!" exclaimed he, "and Napoleon, that tiger-in-chief, was the only fit person to govern them. Under his reign, I would have scorned to rob, I would have fought; whereas, at present, amidst all the beggarly functions of society, I followed the only profession that demands spirit, or can afford renown." What think ye of this, from a gentleman going to the galleys! Fossard is a hero ready made for Mr. Bulwer. I beg to recommend him.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

SOME of our monthly periodicals lament the utter ruin which they imagine is coming upon literature: not one book in ten pays its expenses in these degenerate times: novels are a drug in the market: the day of romance is gone by, poetry has lifted its wings and departed for some more favoured land, and nothing will go down with the public but matters of utility. In truth, the British world, that used to bolt two guineas-worth at once, can only be induced now to swallow a penny-worth. Periodicals nevertheless continue to flourish; we have hastily dipped into three—*Blackwood*, the *Metropolitan*, and *Tait*. In

the first there is a splendid article on the Women of Shakespeare; we miss however the Noctes: much of the charm of these dramatic papers has departed since the Shepherd of Ettrick ceased to speak. The *Metropolitan* has had of late many excellent papers: 'How to write a fashionable Novel,' is sharp and clever; and the article on the Newspapers, will make a stir: the *Times* has already, we see, taken the matter up. Nor is *Tait* deficient of entertaining subjects: we suspect that in political speculations he is a little too radical, but in such things we are no judges.

On the 25th of January, the admirers of Burns assembled in many places in the north. A dinner was given in Edinburgh to the Ettrick Shepherd, when the bard of the border alluded to the contradiction, of his statement at the London dinner, that he was born on the birthday of Burns, had received. The Shepherd, who seems to have been somewhat wroth on the occasion, declared that it was so set down in the "big ha' bible" of his father's house—a document which could not be disputed. This is a circumstance of little or no consequence to the world. We wish that he had told us what progress he was making in his Life of Burns.

We are grieved to hear that Phillips, the painter, has resigned his professorship—still more, that ill health is the cause.

A rough model of the statue about to be erected to the memory of Sir William Hoste, was on Wednesday last erected in St. Paul's, to enable the committee and the artist to judge of its general effect. We will not do Mr. Campbell the injustice to offer a critical opinion on an unfinished work, and shall therefore content ourselves with announcing that the statue itself will be finished in a few months, and that all present expressed themselves well satisfied.

We are happy to announce that the Concerts of Ancient Music will be continued; the profession having agreed to make the required sacrifice, on the promise of Lord Burghersh, that the concerts shall be remodelled, and other alterations introduced into the general system of management. We believe it to be among the contemplated changes, that tickets shall be transferable to members of the same family; that the subscription shall be reduced from eight to six guineas; and that one act of each performance shall consist entirely of the works of modern masters.

The prospectus of the season at the King's Theatre is published, and contains a long list of artistes; of those who are new to this country, Mad. Scheckner is perhaps the most distinguished. An Italian ballet is also announced, in rivalry, we presume, of Drury Lane. Hummel is to conduct the German operas, and Bellini is engaged to superintend the getting up of two new Italian operas. Spagnoletti is to lead. We hope M. Laporte will have an efficient band; a few glittering names do not satisfy us—we like to see an orchestra strong throughout, like that of the Philharmonic.

Three new sinfonias, by Potter, Griesbach and Rousslot, and an overture by Wesley, jun. were rehearsed on Thursday evening at the Hanover Square Rooms, by the Philharmonic Band. We have not time for a lengthened notice, but may here say briefly, that the productions of the two first-named

composers displayed a decided improvement on all their former efforts. We were grieved to find that the old and ridiculous custom of having various leaders was persisted in. We thought the Germans last year had convinced everybody what were the proper duties of a Conductor.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Jan. 31.—John William Lubbock, Esq., V.P. and Treasurer, in the chair.

A paper was read, entitled, 'An Experimental Inquiry into the Treatment of Tic Douloureux,' by W. R. Walton, Esq., F.A.S., Member of the Royal College of Surgeons, &c.

The Honourable George Glover, M.A., was admitted a Fellow.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

At this, the first meeting of the season, Professor Brande delivered a lecture on the advantages of Chemical Notation. He took a brief, general view of the laws relating to the multiple proportions in which bodies combine; and pointed out the assistance which the generalization of these laws on the Atomic theory had afforded to the progress of chemical science. These he illustrated by numerous experiments, showing how different proportions of the same substances often produced compounds of the most different physical and chemical characters.

The notation which Professor Brande recommended, differed but little from that proposed by Mr. Whewell, of Cambridge, in a recent paper in the *Journal of the Royal Institution*, and was more consistent than most others with the common principles of Algebraic notation.

On the library table were several objects of interest, among the rest a specimen of Bohemian plate-glass, in which peroxide of manganese had been used to get rid of the green tinge from iron: the square of glass had been coloured pink, by exposure to light during a single summer; those parts through which light had not been allowed to pass having remained uncoloured. The splendid collection of drawings by Mons. Riffaud, were, as we announced, hung round the room, and attracted general attention. We are happy to state that Mr. John Fuller, of Rose Hill, always a munificent patron of this Institution, has endowed a professorship of chemistry with 100*l.* per annum; and that Dr. Faraday, than whom none are more deserving, has been appointed Professor.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.

The President and Fellows of this College gave their first *Conversazione* for the season, on Monday evening last, which was very numerously attended. Among the more distinguished visitors were, the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chief Justice Tindal, the Master of the Rolls, the Vice-Chancellor, and most of the Judges, Viscount Melbourne, Lord Henley, the Archbishop of Armagh, the Bishops of London and Chichester, the Dean of Westminster, the President of the Royal Academy, Sir James Macgrigor, Sir Astley Cooper, with all the leading members of the Medical Profession. The celebrated French Egyptian physician Clot Bey, in his splendid costume, attracted universal attention.

A paper by the President was read by himself, from the chair, and received with marked attention.

On the library table were several new and interesting works in foreign literature, and a fine bust of Gall, from the studio of Mr. Joseph Deare.

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

At the last meeting, an interesting paper was read, containing the account of an ascent up the Peter Botte, the highest peak of the mountain of the Island Mauritius, by G. A. Lloyd, Esq., the Surveyor General. The mountain is situated on the western side of the island, not far from Port Louis. A party, it appears, was formed, resolved to ascend in spite of the known difficulties, from a previous attempt having failed; and three of the party attained the pinnacle of the mountain, which is formed of a large isolated rock resting on the summit of a cone. Some rockets and other fireworks were taken to be discharged from the summit at night, and the three individuals alluded to, one of whom was Mr. Lloyd, passed the night there. Scaling-ladders and ropes were employed to ascend the perpendicular sides of the rock, which otherwise, would have been inaccessible. The rockets were fired from the summit, and answered by fireworks and guns from the shipping in the bay, the feat being considered worthy of such honour, never having been accomplished before. The description of the ascent was most interesting, and was accompanied by an illustrative sketch. At the former meeting of the Society a dry and uninteresting account of one of the Falkland Islands was read.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

Jan. 23.—Roderick Impey Murchison, Esq., President, in the chair.—Herman Merivall, Esq., Rev. Robert Hankinson, of Bilney Lodge, Lynn, and Charles Atticus Monck, Esq., of the Coldstream Guards, were elected Fellows of this Society. A paper by Lieut.-Col. Sykes, F.G.S., was first read, on the basaltic formations of the Peninsula of India; and afterwards a communication by Joshua Trimmer, Esq., F.G.S., on recent shells found in gravel on the left bank of the Mersey, at elevations considerably above the high water mark.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MONDAY.	{ Phrenological Society Eight, P.M.
	{ Medical Society Eight, P.M.
	{ Linnean Society Eight, P.M.
TUESDAY.	{ Horticultural Society One, P.M.
	{ Institution of Civil Engineers Eight, P.M.
	{ Geological Society } part 8, P.M.
WEDNES.	{ Royal Society of Literature Three, P.M.
	{ Society of Arts } part 7, P.M.
	{ Royal Society } part 8, P.M.
THURSDAY.	{ Society of Antiquaries Eight, P.M.
	{ Zoological Society Three, P.M.
	{ Royal Institution } part 8, P.M.
FRIDAY.	{ Astronomical Society Eight, P.M.
SATURDAY.	Westminster Medical Society Eight, P.M.

PARIS ACADEMY OF SCIENCES.

At the meeting held on the 21st ult., a letter was read from Sir J. F. Herschel to M. Poisson, in which our learned fellow-countryman mentions the discoveries made by Mr. Hamilton, the Astronomer-Royal at Dublin, heretofore alluded to in the *Athenæum*, of some optical phenomena, connected with the double refraction of light, detected in examining the general form and properties of Fresnel's spheroid. Sir J. F. Herschel at the same time announced, that having terminated his series of calculations on the subject of the double stars, he is upon the point of embarking for the Cape of Good Hope with the intention of continuing his observations on those stars.

M. Becquerel next addressed the Academy on the action of 'Electricity on organized bodies,' in reference to which, he observed, that "there are two points to be distinguished; viz. the commotion, which acts as an exciting power, and the chemical reactions which are brought into play." The latter is the object to which Becquerel has directed his attention. Though he has not entirely completed his investiga-

tions, he expressed himself in a situation to affirm, as the result of a considerable number of experiments, that, with the aid of very trivial powers, he could at will accelerate or retard vegetation in any given vegetable, or even in certain portions of it.

He was followed by M. Ampère, who read a paper on the 'Currents produced in a metallic wire, threaded round a magnet, when the latter is operated upon by variations of temperature.' M. Ampère confined himself on this occasion to a commentary on the experiments of, and phenomena discovered by others; but concluded by reading a report of the experiments he had made the week preceding in the *Collège de France*, which he intimated would be the groundwork of a distinct paper.

THEATRICALS

DRURY LANE.

On Saturday last a new farce, in two acts, called 'The Nervous Man,' was acted here for the first time. If we had a mind to turn critical bull-dog, stick our fangs into this piece, and shake it to bits, there would perhaps be but few choice morsels lying by themselves for us to banquet on. But we shall show ourselves more magnanimous than the management which has snarled at us. The audience laughed, and the papers have most of them thought fit to praise. Under these circumstances we shall let our opinion give way to that of the majority; we are the more inclined to do this, because we have seen better things from the hand of its author, Mr. Bernard. The principal object of the piece in question, is to exhibit in a series of ludicrous situations, the power which unblushing effrontery and brute force can give an adventurer over a nervous man of property; and, so far as this goes, it is legitimate farce, and amusingly done. Our objections are, to an equal power being successfully exercised by the same adventurer over other people who are not nervous, and to the actions and language given to persons, who, from their names, are supposed to be persons in high life. These objections, as we said before, we are not going into. The principal parts were admirably well acted. The nervous irritation of Mr. Farren was (like all he does) excellent; and the cool, easy, natural impudence of Mr. Power was given to the life. These two gentlemen carried the farce upon their backs, and the rest of the characters managed to get through by holding on behind. The house, at the commencement of the evening, was most lamentably attended, but before the new piece began, there was a strong muster of the Sons of Freedom. For ourselves, we had rather see a new piece well painted than well papered; but there are differences of opinion upon this subject. The band of this theatre, which is already the best theatrical band that this country has ever known, and one every way worthy of a national theatre, is about, according to the bills, to receive an important addition, in point of talent, in the persons of Messrs. Nicholson, Grattan, Cooke, Wilman, Platt, and Harper—several known as performers on the flute, oboe, clarinet, horn, and trumpet, and each the first in his line in the kingdom. These, with the coming strength in the vocals, give promise of a high treat in the musical department. We hope that no silly jealousies will be allowed to interfere with and prevent the most effective distribution of parts.

STRAND THEATRE.

MISS KELLY is in essentials a worthy and unaffected Member of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,—the knowledge of human nature in all its varieties of light and shade. The

modern volume, with its "neat rivulet of text meandering through a meadow of margin," is tastily glanced at, whilst she, at the same time, dives into the gloomy depths of the Black Letter book. Mathews has done wondrous things, in the grand scene-painting department of life; and Yates has been happy in outlines and the caricature of the day; but Miss Kelly gives slight historical sketches in colours, and executes finished cabinet pieces, which stamp her as an original artist, and one of surpassing excellence, in a path struck out only by herself. Happily for the good of mankind, genius will not follow; genius will have nothing to do with the Shakspearian competition of two riding on one horse, by which strife one must ride behind. Genius rides its winged courser alone!

We should not recur to Miss Kelly's singular performance, "the hazard and daring of which (to use her own phrase) she does not forget," if we did not think it one of the most extraordinary efforts of female power which we have ever witnessed. Other actresses have been great in certain departments of the drama, supported and rendered effective by other aids; but Miss Kelly, for three unwearied and unwearying hours (as we saw her on Monday) revelled in elegant mirth and soul-subduing pathos, carrying her hearers from "grave to gay, from lively to severe," even as though they were one harmonious instrument, captive and obedient to her swaying hand. She reigns over her audience (this would have been a most apt expression at the *Queen's Theatre*)—an absolute Kelly. And if we could by possibility be envious, we should be disposed to be so at her *Missery* (*Mastery* would, as Lady Savage says, be "unfeminine,") over the tears, the laughter, and the smiles of all around her.

We have spoken warmly and sincerely of this admirable actress. We must turn now to "The Dramatic Recollections," and be the Mrs. Parthian over a few of her pleasantries. Lady Savage, the great horse-woman, "with four engine-turned curls on the broad dial of her countenance," is a dashing Savage indeed—on the 14th of February, in one's love for her, one would not exactly send her a *Valentine*, but one would send her an *Orson*—tender to her dogs, she bullies her daughters, and looks a woman built, according to Mr. Martin's Act, for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Mrs. Parthian, in her slate-coloured gown and venerable cap, is elegant oblivious age itself—floating, in Ladye-Antiquity, over feelings and names, which make her hearers doat over her. Her recollection of "this Mr. Smith being that Mr. Smith, who paid his addresses to some one in Drury Lane, which were rejected," is the dimmest yet perhaps the dearest compliment ever paid to Horace or James Smith! Sally Simkin, the comfortable, uncomfortable, cold servant, with her tenant-at-will sort of love, which permits her to stay or go at a quarter's notice, is, perhaps, our first passion!—her person so delightfully unpersonable, short-waisted, doleful headed, unexact—she saunters about the house, like a maid of all-work, doing nothing. She is truly, as Miss Kelly says, "a young woman pantomime built"—"an irregular ode to Nature." "Yarico's skin" is an amusing anecdote, more amusingly told. The painted skin hastily prepared at a country theatre, makes "a decided impression" on Uncle's white vestments, and he retires from his embrace with Yarico, "by no means a spotless character;" she having, like melancholy, "marked him for her own." Judging from the pleasing and finished style in which Miss Kelly gives the little Cambrian air, from which "Cense your funning" is taken, we should decidedly set her down as a pupil of *Welch*. The Scotchwoman would be a study for Wilkie; and Terence O'Donolly is clearly an exhibition

of Power. Terence's reasoning with his horse, on the bad state of the roads, is a specimen of what we should call the art of *Burking* the sublime and beautiful. But of all indignant severities—Sampson-like, pulling down the grammatical proportions of the temple, by its own strength—commend us to Mrs. Miffy's letter! No pack of cards, shuffled by the most careful of losers, at the most disastrous of *Shorts*, could possibly be more regularly intermingled, than are the pronouns, personal and impersonal, disinterestedly used by Mrs. Miffy. She is an impartial pronoun-mother; she has no favourite among the whole set, but *spoils* them all. In fact, throughout this memorable and indignant letter, to use the words of Churchill—

In monosyllables the thunders roll,
He, she, it, and we, ye, they,—fright the soul!

Of Mrs. Drake, that rare Zoological specimen of the "human specious," we, not being able to find proper words ourselves, have written to Mr. Cross, of the Surrey Gardens, Mr. Copp, of the Tower, and Mr. Wombwell, on the Circuit, for an account something in the style of the papers in the old numbers of the *Blue and Yellow*, a sort of brutal review.—How dear Mrs. Drake talks in cub-language of mankind!—how does she make the world one great caravan!—It is quite clear that she accepted the *fore-paw*, and not the *hand* of Mr. Drake.

We have recurred to a few of the characteristic parts of Miss Kelly's entertainment, because we think they are decidedly the most striking and original, though there are some anecdotes which prove the ingenious narrator to be, as her own Terence would say, in the full vigour of her *Anecdote*.

We take this judgment upon our editorial selves; for, in truth, tempted by universal report, we went, on this occasion, in person. Our honest critical friend said last week, that, notwithstanding the thunders of applause, the piece wanted lightening: as it was over on Monday by a quarter after eleven, we presume the required alterations have been made; it went, indeed, throughout like a flash of lightning, and would have overtaken even Uncle Ben's colt. On the whole, we have not been for many years so highly gratified; for wit and brilliancy, for rich variety and fine development of character, and for personation of character, it is in our judgment an unequalled performance.

THE MANAGEMENT OF DRURY LANE THEATRE AND THE ATHENÆUM.

WE are the last in the world to kick those who are down—and most completely down the management of this theatre is in its little dispute with us. Still justice is justice, and it must be administered, as the Judge says when he puts on the black cap. The question of the free admissions granted by theatres to the representatives of the public press, has been newly mooted, in consequence of the various instances of peevishness and petulance on the part of certain or rather uncertain managements; and we suspect the latter will, like *Frankenstein*, find themselves not a little plagued by the monster they have created.

We have read, and with great pleasure, in the *Atlas* a strong and well-written article on this subject, and we are free to confess, that we were gratified at having justice done us in so respectable a paper. We shall take this opportunity of offering evidence in confirmation of our former statement, although the silence on the other side, after our unqualified denial of the charge, ought to be held conclusive, and is so considered by the writer in the *Atlas*. Another gentleman, whose solitary offence against Drury Lane consists in his being a personal friend of ours, was included

in this charge. This gentleman called on Mr. Braham, against whom the hissing was stated to have been directed by us, and gave him a verbal denial on honour, receiving, in exchange, a verbal avowal from Mr. Braham of his disbelief in the charge, from the first moment he heard it. He afterwards had a written communication from the stage manager of the theatre, in which that officer likewise declared his disbelief in it from the beginning, and stated that the information came through Mr. Braham himself. This letter was shown to Mr. Braham, who was so indignant at it, that he wrote and threw up his engagement, and was only induced to resume it upon a written application from the lessee, requesting that he might not be made to suffer for another's offence. About the same time we ourselves wrote to Mr. Braham an unqualified denial of the accusation, together with a series of remarks not of the most complimentary nature upon the conduct of its propagators. From Mr. Braham we received an answer commencing thus:—

"MY DEAR SIR,—I feel extremely obliged by your very polite and explanatory letter of yesterday, and regret much the annoyance you have suffered, which must have arisen from some cruel mistake."

We shall only, in addition, remind our readers, that we before stated, upon the authority of the treasurer of Drury Lane, a gentleman respected on all sides for his uprightness and consistency, and whose impartiality cannot be questioned, that, after due inquiry in the theatre, it had been confessed to him, that the original informant had "shifted his ground," and that no foundation whatever remained for the charge which had been put forward.

MISCELLANEA

Agricultural Improvement Institution.—A Society has been lately established, and under very high patronage, for the purpose of giving to the destitute, but industrious poor, useful and profitable employment. The Society proposes to effect this great good by establishing home colonies on the model of the celebrated Dutch Farms at Frederick's-oord. From an estimate lately laid before Parliament, it appears, that 15,000,000 acres of land, capable of cultivation, are now lying waste in the United Kingdom. The objects of the Society are, to obtain tracts of this waste land by gift, grant, or purchase; to divide the same into small portions, and to let these portions to the poor at a low rent, furnishing to the occupiers such implements and instruction, as shall enable them to bring the land into profitable cultivation, and eventually to repay all expenses incurred by the Society, and by continued industry and frugality to acquire a competence for themselves. The first outlay of the Society is to be defrayed by subscriptions: and we mention this, because we feel that such a Society is entitled to the support of all who desire, not only for the poor themselves—and humanity requires something from us—but for the moral improvement of society, that the condition of the humbler classes should be improved, and that every able and willing labourer should have the just reward of his industry. Annual subscriptions, as low as ten shillings, are received, and entitle the subscribers to be present, and to vote at all general meetings.

Aboriginal Home of the Gypsies.—(Chiefly derived from a report of personal inquiries and investigations by M. de Rienzi).—This race, whom the Russians, Italians, and Germans respectively denominate *Tzengani*, *Zingari*, and *Zigeuner*, but to whom we English have given the incorrect name of Gypsies, which is obviously a corruption of the word "Egyptian" (as if they had originally descended from the re-

gions about the Nile), appear, from some recent investigations by Rienzi, to be the posterity of the ancient nomadic tribe of the Tzengaris or Vangaris, a branch of the Mahratta Parias, who supplied the Mahratta forces in former times with provisions. They still form a distinct people on their native soil, are independent both of the Brahmin religion, and the laws of Manou, and are scattered in considerable numbers over the whole face of Hindoostan. The most probable period of their dispersion into foreign climes, was that in which the celebrated Timour or Tamerlane overran their native soil; and Rienzi conjectures this to have occurred after the taking of Delhi in January 1399. The immediate cause of their voluntary expatriation was the same dread of the conqueror's ferocity, which impelled their fellow-countrymen, the Soudras and Parias, to abandon their homes—namely, Timour's massacre of 100,000 prisoners in cool blood. Large tribes of them may be met with near Visapoor, the environs of Bangalore, the Malabar coast, &c. They made their appearance in Europe at the following dates: in Hungary, anno 1417; in Bohemia and the German states bordering on the North Sea, at the close of the same year: they had reached Switzerland in 1418, and Italy in 1422. Pasquier says, that they were seen in France as early as in 1417, giving out, that they were Christians expelled from Lower Egypt by the Saracens, but last from Bohemia †; from France they passed into Spain and Portugal, and, at a later date, into England, where they were first known in Henry the Eighth's reign. They are at present settled in every country in Europe, and throughout the greater portion of Asia. There are but few of them to be found in Germany, France, Switzerland, the Netherlands, Sweden, or Denmark; they abound most in Scotland, Ireland, Hungary, Slavonia, Courland, Livonia, and Turkey, but particularly in Spain, where their number is computed at between fifty and sixty thousand; and the whole race of these outcasts would appear not to be far short of 5,000,000—namely, 1,000,000 in Europe, 400,000 in Africa, 1,500,000 in India, and about 2,000,000 throughout the rest of Asia.

Roasting by Gas.—An ingenious apparatus has lately been constructed by Mr. Hicks, of Wimpole Street, for roasting by gas. It is extremely simple, and, as we can testify, very perfect in operation. The meat is stuck upon an upright spit or spike, round the base of which is a metallic ring, like the oil receiver of a table lamp; and on the outside of this ring is a fissure, through which the gas issues in regulated quantities. The meat being spitted and the gas lighted, a copper cone is lowered over the whole, and the roasting is effected by the heat radiating from the sides of this cone. A duck, a pigeon, a leg of mutton, and a very large piece of beef, were roasted in our presence; and certainly, the duck and the pigeon, of which we partook, were excellent. Much, however, remains to be done, before the invention can be made serviceable. There are numberless uses for a kitchen fire, besides roasting; and few families will be inclined to admit the most horrible of all nuisances, a gas-pipe, into their house, on the mere chance of an occasional service in this way. Neither do we think it will ever be found so effective for general purposes, or so cheap as some of the portable kitchens, which can, by a lamp or twopennyworth of charcoal, cook a whole dinner; but Mr. Hicks is an ingenious man, and no doubt many applications and improvements will hereafter suggest themselves to him.

Public Schools.—It appearing that many of the poor in New York refuse to send their children to school, although there is no charge

† From this circumstance the French have always called them Bohemians.

for schooling, it was lately submitted to the consideration of the Court of Aldermen, whether all persons who may apply to the Alms House for relief, shall not be compelled to produce a certificate that they have not given such refusal. How different is this from the cruel and abominable neglect of the education of the people in this country.

Legal Agreement.—When the registering barristers, under the Irish Reform Bill, met in Dublin to discuss their duties, the only point on which they could agree was, that they were obliged to wear wigs and gowns.

Cæsar versus Lap-dogs.—When Cæsar happened to see some strangers carrying dogs in their arms, he inquired, "whether the women in their country ever bore any children?"

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of the Week.	Thermom.	Barometer.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 24	30 25	30.50	Var.	Clear.
Fr. 25	32 28	Stat.	Var.	Ditto.
Sat. 26	40 31	30.20	N.	Ditto.
Sun. 27	45 29	Stat.	N.W.	Cloudy.
Mon. 28	46 36	29.95	S.W.	Ditto.
Tues. 29	46 36	28.99	S.E.	Ditto.
Wed. 30	41 27	29.12	N.W.	Ditto.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulostratus, Cirrostratus. Nights and mornings for the greater part frosty. Mean temperature of the week, 36°; greatest variation, 20°.

Day increased on Wednesday, 2h. 58 min.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

A Concise History of Italian Literature is about to appear, from the pen of Mr. Redding, in two small vols. A Narrative of the Expedition to Portugal under Don Pedro, by G. Lloyd Hooges, Esq., late Colonel commanding the Foreign Brigade in that Service. Bibliotheca Classica, or a Classical Dictionary for the Use of Schools, by Dr. Dymock.

Bagster's Edition of Cruden's Concordance of the New Testament. Among the peculiarities of this edition, as stated to us, will be—Portability: the size four by two inches—weight, about two ounces, although it will include every name and text of the great edition. Remarks on the Rev. Dr. Arnold's Principles of Church Reform, by the Rev. William Palmer, M.A. Carwithen's History of the Church of England. Vol. III.

Summer Flowers, intended as a sequel to Spring Blossoms. Edinburgh Review. Nos. 113 & 114 will contain a General Index from the 21st to the 50th volume inclusive.

Just published.—Valpy's Classical Library, No. 38, 4s. 6d.—Valpy's Shakespeare, Vol. 4, 5s. cloth.—Rev. T. Craig on Conversion, 2 vols. 12mo. 10s.—Mrs. Kernish on Christianity, 12mo. 7s.—Col. Mac Kinnon's Coldstream Guards, 2 vols. 8vo. 30s.—The Comet, by Col. Gold, 12mo. 4s.—Edgeworth's Novels, Vol. 10, 5s.—Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia, Vol. 39, 6s.—British Library, Vol. 1, 6s. 8vo. 3s. 6d. bds.—Sherwood's Monnier, 18mo. 3s.—Cry to Ireland, 12mo. 4s.—Tom in Canada, by A. Ferguson, f. 6s.—Arthur Coningsby, 3 vols. 12s. 6d.—Roscoe's Novelist's Library, Vol. 13, 6s.—Reus's Statement of the Trade of the United States of America, 8vo. 16s.—The Library of Romance, Vol. 2, 6s.—Report on the Extinction of Slavery, 8vo. 8s.—Knight's Vases and Ornaments, 24 10s.—Memoirs and Letters of Capt. Sir W. Hoste, Bart. R.N. 2 vols. demy 8vo. with portrait, 24s.

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Thanks to J.—Theta.

We have not been able earlier to answer Philo-Athenum. The inventor of the Chiragon resides at No. 2, Brunswick Place, Blackheath.

We shall, some day or other, and in our own way, avail ourselves of the letter of "A Recluse." The hints ought not to be lost.

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H. L.—The house shown, he was born in—the house pulled down, he lived in.

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To Advertisers.—The MONTHLY PART of the ATHENÆUM having attained to a very extensive sale, the Proprietors have determined to insert Miscellaneous Advertisements on the Wrapper, displayed in a larger type than that used in the Weekly Numbers. Commencing, therefore, with the FEBRUARY PART, Advertisements will be received until the 30th of the Month; after which their insertion for that Month cannot be insured. The number of Advertisements that are weekly excluded from the Journal, for want of room, has induced the Proprietors to adopt this plan.

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History of Ireland, by Thos. Moore. Vol. I.

London: Longman and Co.; and John Taylor.

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THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW, No. XXXV.

was published on the 31st ult. containing the following Articles:—1. Evidence before the Select Committee on the Silk Trade—2. Dramatic Literature—3. The Gracchi—4. Report of Secret Committee on Bank Charter—5. Life of Andrew Marvell—6. Sculpture in the Middle Ages—7. Causes of Distress of the Landless Interest—8. Esquiroi on the Treatment of the Insane—9. American Zoology—10. Harmonies of the Violin—11. Bishop of Bath and Wells on a General Commission of Tribes—12. Col. Torrey's Letters on Commercial Policy—13. Major Russell on the Currents of the Ocean—14. Journalism—15. Mrs. Trollope's Refugees in America—16. Third Supplement to Article on Silk and Glove Trade—17. Annual on Jurisprudence—18. Jolly, Justice, and Consequences of the Dutch War—Corrections in a preceding Number. Answer to "An Amateur." List of Books, &c.

The General Index to the Westminster Review, for the first Thirteen Volumes, is ready for delivery at the Office of the Review, or at the Printer's, six Shillings. In the Volumes subsequent to the Thirteenth, an Index has been published with each volume.

No. XXXVI. will be published on the 31st of March.

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Contents: Art. 1. Murat's Sketch of the United States—2. Modern Rome and the Papal Government—3. Albert Durer—4. Restoration of the Bourbons; Reign of Louis XVIII.—5. Ancient History and Constitution of Denmark—6. Results of Free Trade—7. Count Prebich's Works on England—8. Present State and Prospects of French Literature—9. The Young Man—10. Victor Hugo's Le Roi s'Amuse—11. Count Arrivabene's Account of the Charitable Institutions of England—12. Letters from Italy of a Living Personage—13. Rask's Anglo-Saxon Grammar, translated by Thorpe—14. The City of Refuge—15. South's Paris Malade—16. Recent Italian Novels—Miscellaneous Literary Intelligence from Denmark, France, Germany, Italy, and Oriental Literature, including the real History of M. Bonville, the so-called African Traveller, Biographical Notices of Professor Rask, J. B. Say, Scarpia, &c. &c.

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LITERARY CONTENTS:

Shakespeare's Knowledge of his own Greatness, by the late William Godwin, Esq. Jun.—2. Lines to Wales, by Mrs. Hemans.—3. Memoir of Lady Augusta Kennedy Erskine, fourth Daughter of His Majesty.—4. Epigram on Madame de Maintenon.—5. The Daw and the Gudgeon, by Richard Westall, Esq. R.A.—6. A Story of Llandaf.—7. The Spanish Character, by Mrs. Burke.—8. The Skeleton, by the Author of "The Island Bride."—9. Sketch on the Fine Arts, by W. Lacy, Esq.

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THE MONTHLY REPOSITORY, for

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